

UC-NRLF



\$B 557 837



*ALL THE WAY ROUND*



*OR WHAT A BOY SAW & HEARD ON HIS WAY ROUND THE WORLD*

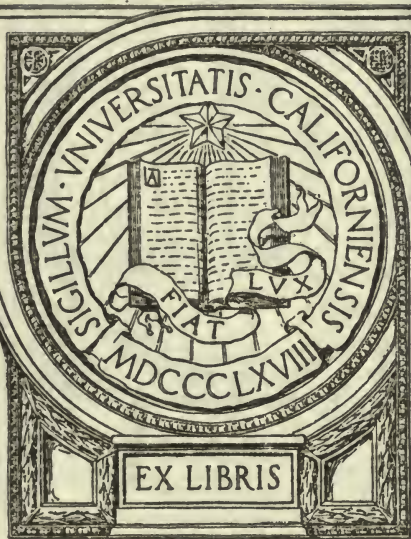


A BOOK FOR  
YOUNG  
PEOPLE

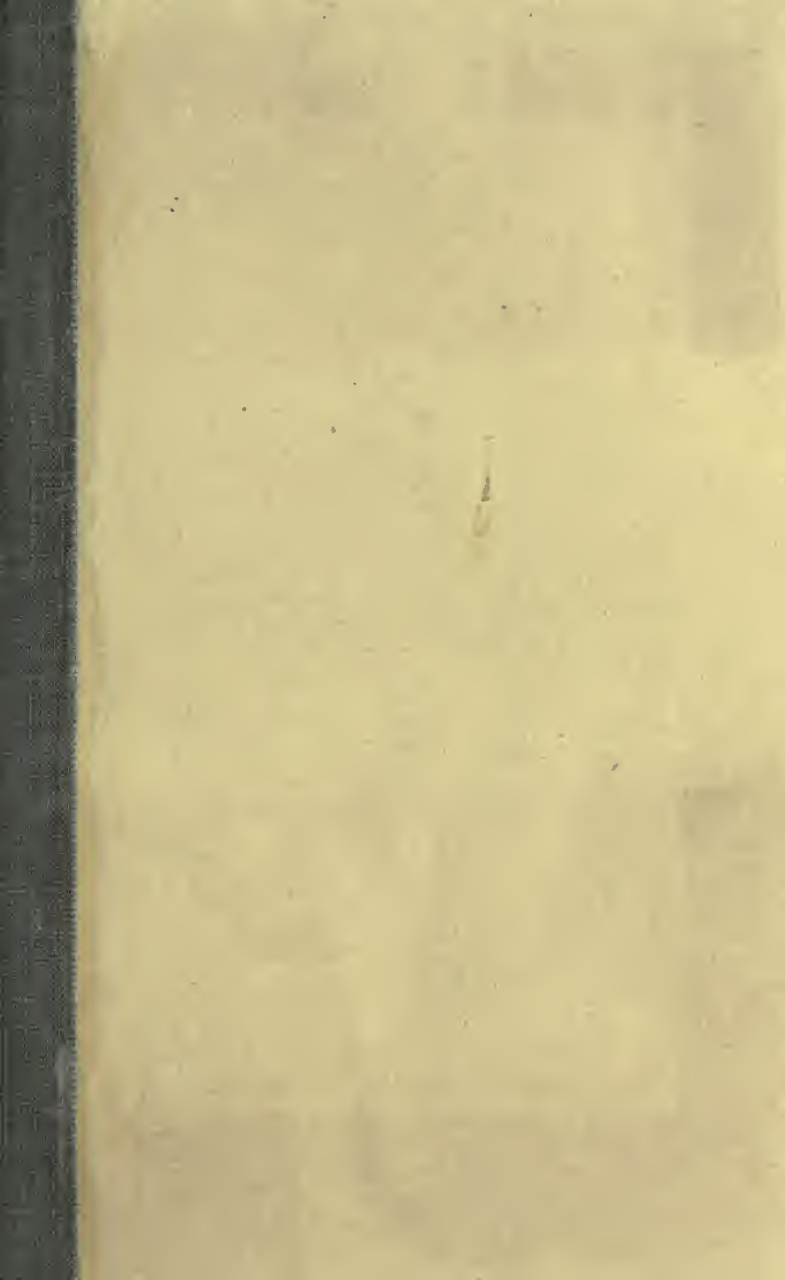
&  
OLDER ONES  
WITH  
YOUNG  
HEARTS

GIFT OF

Bancroft



EX LIBRIS





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



ALL THE WAY ROUND.

LONDON:  
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.





THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.

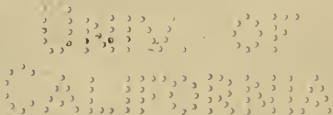
Carr, Addis Commet

# ALL THE WAY ROUND;

OR,

WHAT A BOY SAW AND HEARD ON HIS  
WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

A BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, AND OLDER ONES WITH  
YOUNG HEARTS.



London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,  
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

D. APPLETON & CO.,  
549 & 551, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

[*All rights reserved.*]

G440  
C3

GIFT OF  
Bancroft

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF



TO  
THE EVER TO BE CHERISHED MEMORY OF MY DEAR  
GRANDMOTHER,  
WHO TOOK ME WITH HER ON HER  
LONG VOYAGE,  
This Little Book  
IS MOST LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

861302



# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

PAGE

The traveller introduced—Sailing for Europe— Early experiences in Europe—Great conven- tions— <i>Via</i> Switzerland, Turin, and Milan to Venice—Sights in Venice—Rome—Farewell to Europe . . . . .	1
---	---

## CHAPTER II.

### DOWN INTO EGYPT.

Arrival at Alexandria—Noise and hubbub— Palm-trees—Mosques—Wonders of the world —Ride on an engine—First sight of Pyramids —Cairo and the rabble—Egyptian bazaars—A nice boy . . . . .	10
--	----

## CHAPTER III.

## OFF TO THE PYRAMIDS.

	PAGE
Dragoman and lunch—"Ladies to London"—	
The great tombs—At the tip-top—Company	
by the way—What is a sphinx?—Praying	
people . . . . .	20

## CHAPTER IV.

## UP THE RIVER.

On the Nile—Daily lessons—Old palaces—Beni-	
souef—American Consul and wife — Egyptian	
music — Arab character — Gebel-el-Dayr —	
Palace at Minyeh—Beggars at Beni-Hassan—	
Missionaries at Siout . . . . .	28

## CHAPTER V.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND RUINS.

Confusion—Veils—Ruins—Karnak temple—Sit-	
ting colossi—Camel-riding—Christmas in a	
foreign land—Home-sickness . . . . .	36

## CHAPTER VI.

## BOYS, DONKEYS, AND BIGGER THINGS.

Fun at the hotel—Costume and pictures—Shoo-	
bra palace—Golden sunset—The oldest pyra-	

## CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
mid—Tombs of the sacred bulls—The Khédive—Mosque of Mahomet Ali—Story of Emir Bey—Shopping again . . . . .	42

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE HOME OF AN EMPRESS.

Entrance to the palace—State apartments—Dining-hall—Reception and other rooms—Ball-room—Gardens—Return . . . . .	50
--	----

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE SUEZ CANAL AND BOMBAY.

Great engineering—A strange New Year's Day—Crossing the desert—On the Malwa—Playing tag—Punkah-wallahs—Aden—Indian boys—Sunday at sea . . . . .	56
---	----

### CHAPTER IX.

#### FIRST DAY IN INDIA.

Calling on friends—A palanquin ride—Hindoos—Railways and caste—Stations and cars—Drive through Bombay—The American flag—Bullock-riding—An excursion—Almost drowned . . . . .	63
--	----

## CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER X.

## HINDOO FASHIONS.

	PAGE
To bed—To church—To drive—Leaving Bombay—Allahabad—Sleeping apartments—Embroidery and women—Sacred rivers—Elephants—Natives—Shops—Heathen customs—Ornaments—Hindoo pipes—Twilight walks—Idols—Hotels at Agra—Friends .	71

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD.

Our poet friend—Road to the Taj—The garden—The building—The echo—The royal tombs—The Taj by moonlight—The Pearl Mosque—The gaol—English acquaintances—More curiosities . . . . .	81
--	----

## CHAPTER XII.

## MEMORIALS OF WAR.

War—Memorial garden at Cawnpore—The old pilgrim at Lucknow—Grave of a hero—The Residency—Drill of troops—Bridge of boats	92
--	----



## CONTENTS.

xi

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A FUNNY EXCURSION.

PAGE

The holy city—Visit to the Maharajah—Elephant-riding—At court—The menagerie . . . .	96
---	----

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### TO MADRAS *via* CALCUTTA.

A glance at Calcutta—The steamer “Indus”—On the bar—Amusements on ship—Sunday on the Indus—Horrors of landing—Zoological Gardens—Horses—American ice . . . .	100
--	-----

### CHAPTER XV.

#### CEYLON'S ISLE.

Arrival at Galle—Bad harbour—Weather—Hotel life—Visit to Captain Bailey—Natives of Ceylon—Roads—Adam's Peak and the pilgrims . . . . .	107
--	-----

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### SPICY BREEZES.

Cinnamon-gardens—Jack-tree—Mango—Areca palm—Banana—Coffee—Temple at Colombo—Wild animals—Precious stones—Manufactures—Missionary hymn—Missions—My first law-suit . . . . .	113
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVII.

## TO ADELAIDE.

	PAGE
On the "Nubia"—Sunday—Passengers—Sunset in the tropics—Ship discipline—Arrival at Adelaide—Governor's house and grounds— Lessons in swimming—Bungaree—Souvenirs —Visits . . . . .	122

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MELBOURNE.

Approach to the city—Easter at the cathedral —Library, museum, and public buildings— Easter holiday sports—A day with the Consul —Wonderful country—Cobb coaches—Kind friends—The emeu . . . . .	130
--	-----

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SYDNEY.

Botany Bay—Landing at Sydney—Hansom cabs—Homeless and friendless—Government House—Agricultural Exhibition—Minister of State—The Zigzag—A great mistake . . . . .	137
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX.

## ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEA.

Steamer "Flintshire"—Brisbane—Sea-sickness	
--	--

## CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
—Clearing-up—Trade winds—A sensation— Chinese passengers—Horses on board—Wild beasts and birds—Home thoughts—At anchor —Island scenery—Horrors of the voyage	143

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### SPORTS AT SEA.

Extracts from journal — Gold-fields — Dinner — Conundrums — Stars — A masquerade — Food to the hungry — Sailors	150
---	-----

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### FARTHER ON.

Pearl fisheries — A naughty captain — Ant-hills — Boobies — Strange dress — Pearls — Natives — Lost time — Sunday service on deck — Moon- light on the sea	157
---	-----

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### ONE WEEK MORE.

Hot weather — Reading — Discomfort — Twin vol- canoes — Bali — What a sunset! — Meeting a ship — Sunday again — Lomboek — Aground — Java	163
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## AT THE EQUATOR.

	PAGE
A geography lesson—At Batavia—A disappointment—A dark night—Good things to eat—Festival in town—Fruits—Sight for Mr. Church—Turning in—Another pleasant day—Grandmamma's stories—A bad cold—Writing letters . . . . .	170

## CHAPTER XXV.

## SINGAPORE AND DINNER PARTIES.

Arrival at Singapore—At the Governor's—An inexperienced dressing-maid—Visit to the Maharajah—Opium shops—Garden of Whampo—Steamer "Zambesi" . . . . .	177
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## CHINA.

Approach to Hong Kong—Landing—Sedan-chairs—Queues—Little feet—Visiting—A useful tree—The Peak—Theatres—A cup of tea—Chinese gardens—A pang of envy . . . . .	183
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## SIGHTS IN CANTON.

Arrival—Visit to the missionaries—A school for native girls—Dress of the children—Bazaars—Idols—A superior guide . . . . .	192
--	-----

## CONTENTS.

xv

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### PAGODAS AND PEOPLE.

	PAGE
Buddhist monastery—Pagodas—Heathen ideas	
—Native character—Progress of civilization	
—Exclusiveness of Chinese—Leaving Canton	197

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### MACAO.

A Portuguese town—Roman Catholic festival—	
Camoens' garden—English burial-ground—	
Hot springs—Fort . . . . .	203

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### SHANGHAI.

View from the harbour—Astor House—A drive	
—Tea-plant—Boat life—Chinese fowls—Visit	
to an American home—Visit to a Chinese	
home—Missionaries—Nagasaki—Cobbie—	
Inland sea . . . . .	208

### CHAPTER XXXI.

#### JAPAN.

Yokohama—Letters from home—Rush to Yeddo	
—The capital—Rural scenery—Interpreter—	
Japanese—How to treat little boys . . . . .	214

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## LAST DAYS ABROAD.

	PAGE
A celebrated temple—Superstitions—Costume— Railways—Shops—An excursion and drizzle —Comfort and rest—Japanese children—Mis- sionaries again—Farewell to the old world .	220

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## HOME AGAIN.

Across the Pacific—Ugly weather—Glorious clearing—Ship in sight—Accident—Safe ar- rival—The “Golden City”—In a hurry—Pa- lace cars—Salt Lake City—Brigham Young— A visit to Fort Douglass—Omaha—Freshet— Home again . . . . .	227
--	-----

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Young Traveller . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
In Cairo . . . . .	42
The Taj Mahal, Agra . . . . .	81
Government House and Grounds, Adelaide .	126 129
Ready for a Plunge . . . . .	127 122
A Street in Canton . . . . .	195





# ALL THE WAY ROUND.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

You have, perhaps, heard of the address by Mr. David Dudley Field at New York, in January, 1875, on voyaging round the world. In that he said that his travelling party consisted of three persons : his wife, her little grandson, and himself. I am the grandson. When the journey was first planned, I was left out, for my grand-mamma did not think it best to interrupt my studies ; but about a week before they were to start, she concluded it would do

me no harm to take a vacation, and I quite agreed with her.

Mr. Field was going to Europe to attend a social science convention, which was to meet in England, a convention of jurists, which was to meet in Ghent, and another International Congress, which was to meet in Brussels, to form an association for the reform and codification of the law of nations.

I had to inquire and find out what all these things meant, and you will have to do the same. When we are men, they will all be clear as crystal to us, and I am very willing to wait. When these three great conventions were over, he intended to go on to Australia, to visit his daughter there, by the way of Egypt and India; thence home, by the way of China, Japan, and California.

We sailed from New York in the "City of Chester," of the Inman line, in August;

1873. It was her first trip, and we made, it was said, one of the shortest voyages to Europe which had then ever been made.

But this was not the first time I had crossed the Atlantic. I had been over the "big ferry" four times before. I lived in France several years with my dear mother and my grandfather, Dr. J. Marion Sims. We were there all through the Franco-German war. Two years of that time I spent with some of our family friends at Varangeville, near Dieppe. While there, they put me into the costume of a peasant, and I roamed about in my wooden hat and shoes. That sort of life made me very strong. You may think so, when I tell you that once I walked to Dieppe from Varangeville, six miles, and back again the same night, and then I was only seven years old. I went with Mr. McK——, the gentleman I was visiting, to get supplies. It was night, and we had hard work of it.

At the close of the war, as soon as they could get me out of the country safely, I was sent to London; but there I was so cooped up in the hotel that it was thought best for me to go home. So I was put on board the steamer, under the care of the captain, and made the voyage to New York all alone. It was a hard voyage, stormy and rough; but, notwithstanding this, I was ready to cross the sea again. And this time, to think of all the rest! going to India and China, and Australia besides, was fun indeed!

The opening of the Social Science Congress in Norwich, England, was in the cathedral, and the mayor and aldermen walked in, dressed in their robes of office in grand procession. Lord Houghton was there, and Lord Napier, and other great men.

At Ghent and Brussels we met many remarkable men too. At the concluding

banquet in Brussels the flags of all nations were displayed, and a speech was made by a representative of every civilized country. Before the dinner was over, I was sent for. Then they went into another room to take coffee, and I had the pleasure of handing a cup of coffee to many of these distinguished persons.

We went to Paris, and from there to Geneva, where I saw the beautiful lake and the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland. We left there by the Mount Cenis road, and there's where I was the most interested. There are several tunnels on that road, and some of them very long.

In Turin, Mr. Field went to visit Count Sclopis, President of the International Tribunal of Geneva. Tea was served for the first time from the silver service presented by the United States' Government to the Count.

At Milan is one of the most magnificent cathedrals in the world, and I could not see enough of it. In some of the stained windows are a hundred and thirty-two panes, each one of them a beautiful picture. The roof is a perfect wonder. It is covered with pinnacles and spires, and on each of these is a great white marble statue.

At Venice I was delighted. It is a strange and beautiful city, where the principal streets are water, and the sound of wheels is never heard. St. Mark's Church, the Ducal palace, the prisons, the bridges, and the gondolas interested me greatly. I enjoyed promenading in the piazza, or St. Mark's Square, and the piazzetta, or little square, looking at the winged lions and the sacred pigeons. Everything in Venice, everything, has the winged lion on it. St. Mark, one of the Evangelists in the New Testament, was the patron saint of Venice, and he is always represented with a lion to



signify his boldness, and so the lion became the emblem of Venice. Now I must tell you about the pigeons. A great many years ago, it is said, a noble lady left a large sum of money to the city for the feeding of the pigeons in the square; and every day, at two o'clock, when the bell strikes, they come flying down for their food. They are very tame, and I used to feed them from my own hand.

There was a queer clock in a high tower, with two great bronze men above it, who strike each hour on the bell, and four little images below, one of which makes its appearance every quarter of an hour. I visited also the Armenian convent (where Lord Byron spent six months, studying and writing), the bead manufactories, which are very curious, the arsenal, and many churches and palaces.

At Rome I was threatened with fever, and could only go out occasionally; but I

wanted so much to see St. Peter's, that I was taken out of bed and carried there. What a grand place it was ! It seemed to me there was no beginning or end to it. They were chanting vespers when I was in. I tried to look at the pictures, which are all mosaics, but there were so many I could not look at them all. It amused me very much to see the procession of people kissing the toe of St. Peter. This is a bronze statue, sitting in a chair, which they say is the image of St. Peter ; others say it is the statue of Jupiter. The toe is nearly kissed off by Roman Catholics.

I spent my eleventh birthday in Rome. My presents were partly in money, which I spent, some there and some in other places, in gifts for my dear mother and friends at home. I had some beautiful things given me besides.

There is a clock in Rome worked by water, which pleased me, and I was much in-

terested in the Colosseum, a great amphitheatre, and in St. Paul's, a splendid new church, just finished.

From Rome we went by rail to Brindisi, across the peninsula of Italy ; from thence in the Peninsular and Oriental steamer "Malta," to Egypt, and there our travels were fairly begun. We had left European manners, faces, and dress, and everything was new and strange. It was then I used to sit and talk a great deal with grand-mamma about what I saw and heard, and she thought she would write down what I described. She said there were many things I should be glad to recollect when I became a man, and this is how the book began.

I give this little chapter on Europe, about which everybody knows now-a-days, just to make the story complete of my going round the world.

## CHAPTER II.

## DOWN INTO EGYPT.

I HAVE read about the brothers of Joseph, who went down into Egypt once, thousands of years ago, in a time of famine, to buy corn. We didn't go to buy corn, but to see sights, and I can assure you that I, for one, started with a very happy feeling in my heart.

We took the steamer "Malta," as I said before, at Brindisi. It was crowded with passengers, and a terribly rough voyage we had. Off Candia a fearful storm arose, and the ship rocked, heaved, and groaned, and for a little while I wished myself at home

again. We were three days and a half on our way.

The morning we arrived off Alexandria I heard strange sounds. I looked out of the little window of my state-room, and saw a boat alongside, and soon there came on board two shabby-looking men, dressed in a sort of uniform. They were to guard us during quarantine, which was to last two days. Our steamer had come from Venice, where the cholera prevailed.

At the end of two days we were counted, and allowed to go on shore. There were about thirty boats around the steamer, waiting to take us. They were filled with men and boys, dressed in costumes such as I had never seen except in the circus, bawling, squalling, screaming, and making every sign you can think of, to get us to come with them. Their boats were of as many colours as their clothes. They were very pretty, and looked like

pictures I had seen of trees filled with paroquets.

At Alexandria is the palace of the Khédive, or chief ruler, and also his harem. They are large but plain buildings. The harem is the home for his wives; for, like all eastern princes, he has a great many.

I was much pleased to see the palm-trees, which I had only seen before in green-houses. Here they are the principal trees. They are lovely, towering up towards the skies, and waving their foliage like beautiful plumes. The fruit had been gathered, excepting here and there a golden bunch, so I could only imagine how they look when full. From the fruit the people make a fine oil, soap, and many other things.

Here I first saw a mosque, with its beautiful minarets. These are towers, where a priest goes out on a balcony three times a day to call the people to prayers.

When I saw that neither place, work, nor play, made the poorest of them ever forget their prayers, I felt ashamed ; for I, a Christian boy, often let little things interrupt me.

Upon leaving Alexandria we encountered the same coloured crowds we saw on our arrival, more eager for *backshish* than ever. Backshish means gift of money, which they beg for continually. A very little satisfies them, and so travellers find it convenient to keep some of the small coin of the country about them, which they can throw out to these poor people.

At last we were safely in the railway train. A motley crowd, I might say horde, took possession of the second and third class. If I were to try all day, I could give you no idea of them, for everything is so different from what we have at home.

As we steamed out of the city we had a



grand view of Cleopatra's Needle and Pompey's Pillar. We all exclaimed with delight. These are tall shafts of pink granite, only seven feet across at the base, and yet running up to nearly a hundred feet in height, each a solid column, a single block of stone.

"Pompey's Pillar is one of the seven wonders of the world, if I recollect aright," said grandmamma.

"Seven wonders," said I, "I should think the world had more than seven wonders in it."

"To be sure there are many more than that number now," said she; "but in old times there were seven very remarkable curiosities, which were called, by way of distinction, the 'wonders of the world.' Among these are the pyramids, which we are going to see, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, long since destroyed, and the Colossus at Rhodes, which was a gigantic statue in the Isle of Rhodes.



But I presume we shall see in the course of our journeyings more wonderful things than some of these."

I thought it very likely. At any rate I was ready, with eyes and ears open, to observe everything.

I had a great treat that day. For the first time in my life I had a ride on the engine of a railroad train with the engineer. At one of the stations we saw a man walking along, who looked like an Englishman. We spoke to him, and found that he was near enough to it; he was a Scotchman, and the engineer of the train. Mr. Field asked him to let me ride with him. "Certainly," said he, "with pleasure; he shall cross the Nile with me." So he gave me a good seat by his side, and away we dashed. I talked with him a great deal, and told him all about our American railroads, which I happened to understand pretty

well, and he had to acknowledge they were better than his.

The country was very flat, and would be nothing but a sandy desert, only that the Nile overflows it at certain seasons of the year, leaving a rich mud, which proves a very fertile soil for cultivation. We saw hundreds of camels during our journey. They are as common here as horses with us. The people ride, too, a good deal on donkeys, which are much finer than ours.

As we approached Cairo, Mr. Field said, "Which of us will see the pyramids first?" I called out first. They looked like mountains in the mist.

As soon as we reached Cairo, the men, boys, in short a perfect rabble of half-crazy people, surrounded us, pulling and shouting in the greatest confusion. Now and then a boy would get hold of me, crying, "Good donkey; nice; speak English; come with me." After being nearly pulled to pieces,

the dragoman—our interpreter and guide—put us in a carriage, but even then to get through the narrow, dingy streets was no easy matter. Our driver had to call out all the time in Arabic to the donkeys, camel-drivers, and runners, all jumbled up together, “Take care;” “Look out;” “Go ahead” (a word many use); and we heard abuse of all kinds, enough to distract Christian people.

Everything is done here in the open air—cooking, washing, sewing, shaving, shoe-making, and as many other things as you can think of; and we see wretchedness of every description.

We found our hotel quite a palace, in the Egyptian style, and filled with Americans and English. We were shown our rooms, and as soon as we had made ourselves comfortable, after our dusty journey, Mr. Field and I went out to walk in the great public gardens directly opposite. A

band was playing, but I saw such a lovely donkey, beautifully and gaily fitted out, I chose a donkey ride instead of the walk.

It was dark, but we rode to the bazaar, which is a collection of little shops, on both sides an unpaved alley, so narrow that we could shake hands across it. The shops were lighted up, and filled with things from all countries, many of which I had never seen before. I so longed to stop and spend some of my twenty francs which had been given me on my birthday, but I concluded to wait.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, we found many friends, and the first American boy I had seen since I left Europe, Willie T——, of San Francisco, and a nice boy he is. Next morning I met him again, and he came in such a friendly way, and said, "Let's have some fun!" and we had lots. We played up and down the broad verandah

and in the gardens, and amused ourselves with the peddlers who came to sell goods to the foreigners. Every sort of curious thing they brought.

## CHAPTER III.

## OFF TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Soon after breakfast we were off to the pyramids, with our dragoman and a lunch. We were obliged to cross the draw-bridge before twelve o'clock, for the bridge does not open and close, as with us, just when it is necessary, but is raised at a certain hour of the day, and remains open a long time.

We drove over a fine road, arched with beautiful acacia-trees, as we drew toward the pyramids. I used to think that Egypt was made up of rice-fields and sandy desert, but it is not so; there are fine

trees, in clusters, or, as these, in a long avenue. The road was so deep with sand blown over from the desert, that our horses refused to draw, but the Arabs, who seemed to spring out of the river or ground, came and put their hands together, and made us "Ladies to London,"—you know how—and so at last we reached the place. There are many pyramids in Egypt; some say a hundred or more. But there were only three in the group we came to see, and these were the largest of all; I really could not understand their great size. They seemed immense, and yet being so regular, one is easily deceived; but they told me the one we climbed is as high again as Trinity Church steeple in New York, and covers nine times as much ground as A. T. Stewart's store. I dare say if it were set down on Broadway, among all the great buildings there, we should get a better idea of its size than from seeing it where it is, in a great bound-



less wilderness. But just think what a big mountain of stone, and that it was made by men !

The pyramids are great tombs—tombs of kings—and more than four thousand years old ; that's back almost to the time of the flood. The people worked on them while the king lived ; and then, at his death, finished them as quickly as possible ; so some are much larger than others. I wonder where they got the stones to build them ! for all around, as far as I could see, was one great sandy plain ; but they tell me the stones were brought from a great distance, from Arabia, and that it took ten years to build the causeway for transporting them ; and it is said that it took more than 300,000 men for twenty years to build this largest pile.

And I don't see how they cut these great blocks, some of them said to be thirty feet long. If you will measure thirty feet off on



the house you live in, you'll see how immense these blocks of stone were; and then the outside was beautifully polished, though the outside layers are mostly taken off now. They have been carried away to build palaces and temples in the great cities. And how do you suppose they managed to raise these stones one tier above another to the very top? I tell you, these old Egyptians knew something, but I can't understand how their knowledge has been lost. I always thought we should go on knowing more and more all the time, but we don't seem to have the knack of doing such wonderful works now. Our people think the Croton aqueduct, the Hoosack tunnel, and Stewart's store wonders, but what are they to this great Cheops pyramid?

Excuse me if I tell you—I don't do it to boast—that I was the only one of our party who went up to the tip-top of Cheops,

and I am so glad I did. The guides helped me up from stone to stone, and nearly pulled my arms off in the operation, for the stones were, many of them, higher than my head. They are not regular, some being a great deal thicker than others. But oh ! when I stood upon the top, what a sight I saw ! I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I shall never, never forget it. Looking west, I saw nothing but sand, sand, sand ; east, Cairo and its palaces, with the rocky hills beyond ; north, the great rich valley of the Nile ; and south, as far as I could see, flowed the beautiful river like a shining silver ribbon. The top, where I stood, was about twenty feet square. There is always a cool breeze there, so the guides say. We had intended lunching at the top, but I was called to come down and lunch in the house built for the Prince of Wales when he was there. It was not very far away.

Don't think our party is ever alone. No; Arabs and beggars beset us like mosquitoes, and run after us in their rags, which would be disgusting on any other people; but they have a way of wrapping their rags about them, and standing as if for their pictures, which gives them quite an interesting look. They beg us to buy their antiques—made in Paris, of course—and speak their few words of English, “Honest Arab;” “How do?” “Good-bye;” and “Go-ahead.” The guard and our dragoman before leaving were too much to bear, for their begging; indeed it was impossible to satisfy them.

On our way back Mr. Field and I halted to see another strange sight—the Sphinx. This is a gigantic figure of a lion lying down, with the head of a man. It is said to be cut out of the natural rock, and you may think what an immense rock it must

have been in the first place, when I tell you this great stone creature is as large as almost any of our great public buildings. It is a hundred and forty-three feet long and sixty-three feet high. Take the measure anywhere, and you'll get a better idea of it. I never get any idea of the size of things just by figures, but when I compare one object with another then it comes to me.

But I didn't think much of this great monument. We could only see the head, shoulders, and back; the rest is all buried in sand. The Arabs call it the "Father of Terrors." It is thousands of years old.

We were escorted home by the same beggars, donkeys and camel-riders as I have told you about before. All along the road we saw the people and priests looking towards Mecca, standing and then throwing

themselves prostrate. Nothing interrupted their worship.

I was glad to get back to the hotel, eat my dinner, and feel sure I was awake, and not in a dream after all.

## CHAPTER IV.

## UP THE RIVER.

IN getting ready for our trip up the Nile, we bought straw hats with scarfs of a sort of muslin and coloured ends pinned on them. These ends fall over our shoulders and protect us from the sun. You would have laughed to see us. We went to the steamer and found we had twenty passengers, all pleasant people. Among them were two lively young ladies, Mr. and Mrs. T——, and their son Willie, the boy I had become acquainted with at the hotel; and we were a jolly party. The boat was small, but fitted for the Nile. The captain,

dragoman, and all the hands were Arabs, and they are responsible for anything that may go wrong. One of the men at the wheel relieves the other for prayers. Sometimes they pray on the spot, and sometimes go below.

We were made very comfortable on this little steamer, each having a state-room or cabin. It takes twenty days to go to the Cataract of the Nile, and return to Cairo. I just wish you boys could all see what I have seen, but I cannot tell you the half of all that interested me.

I say my lessons every day, and so does Willie. We spell, and study geography and history, and commit poetry to memory. I recite to grandmamma. It is a great deal better for us to do some studying, I am sure, for we don't get so tired as we should if we played about all the time, and then we enjoy our excursions so much the more.



The river is narrow, and the boat stops all the way along, on this side of the river and on that, at the interesting points, and remains long enough for us to go out and visit the various places. I made all the excursions but one on a donkey. Here are palaces and temples, some of them five thousand years old. From one birthday to another seems a long time to me, but these hundreds and thousands of years! I cannot take in the thought.

At Benisorief, on the second day, as we were going through the town, we met the American consul, who took us to his house and introduced us to his wife. They are both natives of the country. Most people think, I dare say, that our consuls all over the world are Americans; but they are not. No Americans but Missionaries could be found to live in these out-of-the-way places. The wife was a little woman, very bashful, and wore a veil decorated with



ornaments and beads. She made the usual salutation when introduced, by touching her breast, lips, and forehead, and shaking hands with each person. The room was clean, with a stone floor and divans, or cushioned seats, all around. The consul returned to the steamer, and dined with us. He was dressed in European style, with the fez, a cap woven of red cloth with a black tassel, which is worn by all who can afford it. They say it keeps the heat out, and the cold too. The common people wear a cap, winding around it a piece of muslin, which is a protection, and is very becoming too.

The young ladies and the consul enjoyed the music of the band, although, like that of most half-savage people, it was hardly what we should call music. The natives know nothing of the pleasure of singing as they work; in fact, they don't work much. Their wants are few; they eat but little,

and only drink coffee; but I believe they would work if they got paid. At any rate, it seemed to me that running after our mules, no matter how fast we went, was hard work, though it wasn't very profitable.

We were told that these Arabs were docile enough, but tricky and treacherous. All classes are just so. The officials who are employed to collect the taxes get what they can of the money before it goes into the Khédive's hands. The taxes are very heavy, and take all heart out of the people. Everything is taxed, and when the officers in the different provinces are sent to for money, they use the most violent means to get it. The poor people are laid down and tied, and their feet beaten with a flat, riveted strap, which hurts so, that they will give their last bit of money rather than endure it.

At the very top of the high cliff Gebel-

el-Dayr, stands a Coptic convent, and the inmates, when our boat came in sight, plunged naked into the river and swam towards us in a wonderful way, and, catching hold of the small boat in tow, got into it, and tried to climb on deck, asking for "backshish." At every place we stop the boys do the same, even for an orange, or a piece of bread.

At Minyeh there is a fine palace belonging to the Khédive, who spends a few weeks here in winter. He has establishments for making sugar in several places, and one here employs 2000 people. The sugar-cane flourishes here.

At Beni-Hassan we saw swarms of beggars and the worst donkeys along the road.

"Oh, grandmamma," I could not help saying, "aren't you tired of beggars?"

"Poor creatures!" she said. "And every one of them has a soul Christ died to save."

I am so glad that missionaries come here to teach them.

The oldest monuments in all Egypt are the rock-tombs. The history of the persons buried there is written on the walls, with very queer figures and pictures. They are almost buried in sand.

The next day we went to Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt. At the bazaar we bought a porous water-ewer, very pretty, which I will show you when you come to see me. Then we went outside the gates to visit Doctor and Mrs. Hogg, our American missionaries. They have a nice house, with a lovely view from the top. On the flat roof they often take their coffee, and enjoy the fresh air. This is the Eastern custom. The chapel is on the first-floor and is very neatly fitted up. They have a good congregation of natives and children. Doctor and Mrs. Johnson assist them in teaching. They told us

that their native converts assist them very much in their schools. We were surprised when we heard that the house and church were fitted up for them by the natives, and given to them free of charge. These missionaries are surely in earnest, leaving their homes to come and teach these poor people. I thought they ought to have a melodion in their chapel. I wish some of the boys and girls who read this would join with me and get them one.

## CHAPTER V.

## MEN, WOMEN, AND RUINS.

I WISH I could give you an idea of the bazaar at Siout. The noise and tumult was beyond anything I ever heard. Such chatter, clatter, and din. I don't believe the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel was anything to this, for besides the talk, everything else was going on.

There were crowds of people screaming in ever so many languages, miserable-looking donkeys, the smoke and smell of cooking, and every sort of occupation was going on. The hashes and mixtures! You may imagine from just taking a peep

at the meat-stalls what they are made of. The people squat about like tailors. The women were sitting outside of what we should call wigwams in our country, each one wrapped around with a white sheet, like so many ghosts.

“That’s the veil,” said grandmamma; “The women in Eastern countries are not allowed to go about with the freedom we have always been used to. It is said, however, that fashion permits a little more of the face to be seen than formerly. Perhaps the time will come when they will lay it aside altogether, and when they will have nicer homes than they now have, and take better care of their children.”

I was ill the next day, so that I could not go with the party to Abydos, where they said they were to find some “magnificent ruins.” The fact is, I don’t care very much for ruins; I like whole things best. Ruins are mostly great piles of marble and



stone all jumbled together as they have fallen, with here and there a column or part of a wall left which gives a faint idea of what the building was in its glory. You can see how much ground it covered and all that, but I was not so much interested in these. I liked to go with my friends, though, and was always on hand for everything when I was well.

The next day I was all right again, and when we reached Dendarah, I was off with the rest to see the ruins of a large temple there. But the ruins of Thebes were the most interesting. It took us three days for these. Thebes was once the capital of Upper Egypt, and a very large city. Several modern villages occupy the spot now.

At Karnak, one of these, they say there is, without exception, the most splendid ruin in the world. It is a grand temple, and would hold a dozen or more of our



largest churches. It is 1800 feet long,—just think of it!—not quite as broad.

The famous statues called the Sitting Colossi are at Luxor. It is supposed these were placed on each side of the entrance to a great temple. They are immense, as their name signifies, but are half buried now in sand. Here, too, were once two beautiful obelisks of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics. One of them has been removed to Paris, and stands now in the Place de la Concorde. The other remains for the benefit of travellers.

At Philæ are the famous red-granite quarries where these obelisks were cut.

I came back from Philæ on a camel. It was my first attempt at camel-riding, but it was splendid. I liked it so much that I made up my mind to have more of the same sort while I was in Cairo, if I could.

We stopped at Luxor again on our way

back to the steamer. Our consul, who does not speak a word of English, dined with us. The next day, which was Christmas, we returned his visit. He treated us to coffee, as is the custom in this part of the world. In one room of his house were many coins and curiosities, small figures, and bits of ruins. He gave me quite a number, which I shall always keep, in remembrance of him and our visit, and of our Christmas Day on the Nile.

When we came back to the steamer, we found the cabin decorated with palm-leaves and flowers, made into arches over the table, and festooned all along the sides with oranges, lemons, and bananas. The effect was very pretty. We had the Christmas Service, and a hymn, and then a nice dinner. But when I thought of the dear ones at home I wasn't quite happy. I felt almost like crying.

“ We'll forget the things that are behind,

and think of what is to come," said grand-mamma.

"That's just what I will," said I. "I am sure I never dreamed last Christmas Day that I should be spending this one in the land of Egypt."

"And would you turn about now and go home, if you could?" she asked me.

"No, indeed, grandma; I'm in for the war. I want to see all there is to be seen, and I'm not going to be home-sick any more."

"That's a philosopher," she said.

And I am sure it is the true way, when we leave home, if all is right about our leaving, not to look back with vain longings. It only makes us unhappy, and unfits us to see and learn all we want to when we go abroad. So I'm going to be a "philosopher," and not sigh for home again.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BOYS, DONKEYS, AND BIGGER THINGS.

WE got back to Cairo from our trip up the Nile, on the 29th of December, and settled down for a "three days' rest." But indeed we found plenty to do. There were four boys at the hotel, and I knew we should have jolly good times in the evening; and I wasn't disappointed. The days were given to excursions and sight-seeing.

First we went shopping. We each bought a tarboosh or fez, a red cloth cap with long tassels, which the Khédive expects foreigners to wear, after being in the country a certain time. Then we had our photographs taken



IN CAIRO.

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
VOLUME 34. PART 1. 1904.



in the new head-gear, but they were not so good as those taken at home.

In the afternoon we took the fashionable drive to Shoobra palace. The road for miles is beautifully arched with trees. I was delighted with the garden and grounds, especially the orange grove. I saw the cypress, banana, and ever so many curious trees, and rare flowers in pots bordering the walks at every turn. It seemed like fairy-land.

We first enter a great square court floored with marble, and the ceiling all decorated with mosaics. There is a reservoir of water with a fountain in the centre. At night, lighted with gas, this court must look splendid. It is the place for smoking and taking coffee. At the four corners are fine apartments. The ball-room is perfectly gorgeous. There were so many ornaments and colours that grandmamma said it needed "a pen dipped in a rainbow to describe it!"

I thought as much. And all this elegance is kept up at an enormous expense, although the palace is deserted.

We drove home just at sunset, and such a flood of gold and purple I never saw. I thought I had seen some fine sunsets before, but never anything so brilliant as this. I suppose such can only be seen in this clear atmosphere.

We met all sorts of carriages and animals; camels and donkeys laden with every sort of thing; Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Jews, priests, grandees, and beggars. It was a rare show, I can tell you.

The next day we went to the oldest pyramid in the world. We rode part of the way in the cars, as far as the railroad is laid. There we found donkeys in waiting, and I had a grand donkey-ride of twenty-two miles. Wasn't that fun?

From the pyramid we went to the tombs of the sacred bulls, which are cut in enor-



mous rocks. Think of building such grand and elegant tombs for animals, and of burying coins and jewels with them ! But people who make a study of antiquities have found quantities of valuable relics in these tombs ; and a great many of them have been placed in the museum at Cairo.

The day after, which was the last day of the year, Mr. Field was presented to the Khédive. His reception was a simple affair, but he was well pleased with it. He said the Khédive was an interesting and cultivated gentleman. He spoke French perfectly. He would like to make many improvements in the country, but the people are so ignorant he cannot do it. He encourages education, and the schools are quite good and well attended. His own sons and daughters have had European education, and adopt Parisian habits and customs when they can.

In the afternoon we went to the grand

mosque built by Mahomet Ali. On entering the court we had old woollen slippers tied over our shoes. The rule is, "Take your shoes from off your feet, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground." But foreigners don't like to take this trouble, and so they keep these old carpet slippers or sandals handy to tie on over our boots.

In the centre of the court is a grand fountain where the Mussulmans wash before entering the temple. The water comes out of the mouths of marble crocodiles.

The inside is very handsome, with many domes and minarets. The tomb of Mahomet is enclosed with doors of gold inlaid with costly gems. Towards the east is a long flight of steps where the priest prays, and when the Khédive comes there is an alcove for him and his family. At one end is another niche or alcove for the priest, and a side pulpit. The alabaster

pillars, mosaics, and oriental decorations of this grand temple are very rich and elegant.

The floor is covered with the richest Persian carpets and rugs. Near the door, and at the tomb, we saw many worshippers, praying and chanting after their fashion, with their faces towards Mecca.

Mahomet Ali was a powerful prince. In 1811 he conquered the Mamelukes, a body of people who had ruled Egypt for a great while, and usurped the throne. They plotted to destroy him, but he heard of it, and made up his mind to destroy them. He made a great feast and invited their chiefs—four hundred and seventy of them—and treated them after the Eastern fashion. When they were mounted on their horses to return, he ordered the gates to be closed, and commanded his soldiers to fire on them. Every one of these poor men was shot but one, and a daring officer he was. His name was

Emir Bey. He rode his spirited horse to the parapet of the citadel wall, and made a leap. Over they went and down, down, down the steep precipice. The horse was killed, but the brave soldier escaped. They showed us the spot where the plunge was made. The view from the cliff was superb. Cairo, with its many mosques, squares, fountains, palaces, and gardens, lay before us, all flooded with the golden sunlight; the Nile, with its white lateen-sails floating idly; the road leading from the city traced by the long lines of arching trees, the pyramids, the desert and mountains beyond; these are a few of the things that dazzled a boy's eyes at the citadel.

Down we came from this grand spot as fast as possible through Cairo to the bazaars. I took my grandmamma into the gold and silver bazaar. The tradesmen there all looked like Jews. There was a fearful noise. We looked at their jewellery, which is very

pretty. But I was glad to get away from that strange place—so dark, noisy, and full of unpleasant odours—for an excursion to the Ghizerea palace.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE HOME OF AN EMPRESS.

THE Ghizerea palace was the home of the Empress Eugénie, when she came down into Egypt to celebrate the opening of the Suez Canal. It was indeed worth going to see.

The entrance to this palace was a magnificent vestibule, very large, reaching to a few wide marble steps, and beyond these, an ornamented floor and splendid dome of marble. There were miles, it seemed to me, of statues, mosaics, busts of the Khédive and all his forefathers, and elegant marble pillars. On either side of this gallery are

the state apartments, which are beautiful. Most of the furniture and hangings here were ordered by the Empress. The rooms she occupied were very handsome. Her dressing-room and bed were lined with the richest blue satin quilted in squares, and all the furniture was blue and gold. The china was the richest from Sèvres, and everywhere were vases, tables, clocks, bronzes, marbles, and curiosities, gifts from the Pope, and from many of the crowned heads of Europe.

The apartments of the Prince and Princess of Wales were quite as grand, but to me they seemed more cozy, if anything can be called cozy amid such grandeur. Girls may feel differently, but, as a boy, I shouldn't like to live in such elegance. It wouldn't be free-and-easy enough for me.

The dining-hall had a table, I should think, for forty covers. There were windows and mirrors on the two sides, and at



the end a bay-window, which was a bower of beauty. Under every window and mirror was a little fountain and marble basin for fresh-cut flowers. The basins were carved to represent the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. The soft light from a glass dome of the most beautiful colour fell upon the whole, and the hangings were of a tint that harmonized perfectly.

Every hue of the rainbow was to be seen in these splendid apartments, each one being furnished in a different colour. The reception-room was in white and gold, with richest brocade and flowers. In this was a table, a gift from the Pope; also the finest Sèvres vases from Louis Philippe. There was a pale blue room, so cool and pretty, with such hangings and carvings and cabinets! Oh, they were wonderful for beauty! At some distance from the bay-window is placed a long daïs—that's a raised floor—with ottomans for half-a-dozen



people. A room on the right-hand side had a very fine cabinet in it, with a recess in the centre and doors on each side. It was made of sandal-wood, and was filled with curiosities. It would require a long time to examine all these, but we could only glance at them.

The ball-room is on the second floor. But I only wish you could see the baths. The rooms are of marble; the walls, floors, and tubs—I suppose they call these by some other name, but that is what I call them—and the roofs or ceilings are the same. The light came through coloured glass, and covered the whole with a rosy tint. From the vestibule the stairs go up to a platform, and there are suites of apartments at the right and left, and all equally handsome. The ceiling is perforated in various forms to give an idea of the sun, moon, and stars.

This palace overlooks the Nile. The

gardens are beautiful, but I couldn't give in this chapter a description of them. The gas-burners were in groups on high standards through the grounds, and there were fountains and grottoes, and trees and flowers from the four quarters of the globe. There was also as fine a collection of birds, fowls, and animals here as I ever dreamed of. But even the tame fowls looked wildly or timidly at us, as though they were not used to being petted, or fed out of the hand. There are only a few guards and stewards to take care of them all. But they are well provided for, in just the habitation best fitted for them. The giraffes had a high place, and half-a-dozen, old and young, came out to see us, and were quite friendly.

I was tired, and sad too to think that all this grandeur was deserted. A banquet-hall forsaken is a sad thing; but to have nobody enjoying such splendid grounds, no

boys about, though they would be almost out of place in so much elegance, seemed too bad. It cost millions of pounds sterling. I have said more about this grand palace than I meant to, for, after all, you cannot describe such places if you try. It is a great deal better to see them than to read about them.

I was glad to get on the road again and see the funny people on donkeys and camels, going in crowds from their work outside the city. Talk about work ! We had worked hard all day to see what I have been telling you about.

I left Cairo with regret, and so did all the boys. The same little native with his donkey took me to the station who had waited upon me all through our stay ; and I was really sorry to part with him, for he had added very greatly to my pleasure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE SUEZ CANAL AND BOMBAY.

THE Suez Canal! What can a boy say of the grandest piece of engineering in the world, or of the man who planned and carried out such a work? It is stupendous. It changes the commerce of the world; for instead of the long and dangerous voyages around Cape Horn, we can now do in a few days what it took months to do only a little while ago. The great work was done under the protection of Ismael, Viceroy of Egypt. Thousands of men died from disease and exposure while it was going on, but the great De Lesseps

said it could and must be done. And so it was, and there is his monument.

Mr. Field had letters to this greatest of engineers. We heard he was in Cairo, but it was his son who had recently been there, whom we afterwards met in Bombay. I hope to be an engineer one of these days myself, and I was anxious to see him. When I was introduced to him afterwards, he said if I were older, he would like to employ me. But I have a great deal to learn and go through before I am even prepared to follow in the shadow of such a man.

It was early in the morning when we left Cairo, but the streets were alive with people and business. I would like to tell you something nice about this day, for it was the New Year, but all seems crowded in my mind; the cries for backshish, the beggars, the pilgrims going to Mecca, and the various sights, confused me fearfully

until I got into the railway carriage. After a time the bell rang us off, and away we went through a lovely green country ; not very fast, however, until we came to the first station. Here we saw pilgrims in large numbers. One group seemed very sorrowful, and I wondered what was the matter ; but I soon found it was the funeral of a young man. The body was placed on a camel, and they were following to bury it.

At the second station we lunched, and the food was better than usual. After this we crossed the desert, which stretched on both sides as far as the eye could see. The moon was full, and it seemed a desert within as well as without. I felt a little home-sick again. I didn't wish I hadn't come, but I did so wish to see my dear mamma, and—well—I might as well own up, to have a little petting. Did you never wish for that, boys ?



When we reached Suez we had to walk half a mile to the hotel. We slept there that night, and the next day went by rail to the steamer "Malwa," which was at the new dock, two or three miles farther in. Here we found comfortable quarters in the steamer, bound for Bombay; and here we took leave of the Suez Canal, having first seen it at Ismaila.

We had a jolly set of boys on board, near my own age, and gentlemanly fellows they were too, from Sydney, Melbourne, and Tasmania. They were all born in the colonies, and had been home to England on a visit.

We had rare fun playing tug and all sorts of games. One beautiful moonlight night we were playing on deck, and I fell, with a boy on my back, and hurt my head so badly they had to call the doctor, and put cold cloths on my head, and nurse me a good while before I was quite well.

We were surprised to find the weather cool and pleasant, instead of the great heat we had been told to expect. Sometimes we had a very hot day, and then the punkah-wallahs came to our relief. Punkah means fan, and wallah means boy; so these were fan-boys. The fans were frames covered with canvas hung from the ceiling and moved to and fro by means of cords, which the boys pull up and down. This fans the cabin, and keeps it as cool and nice as can be, so passengers can read, write, sew or play—as they wish. They had the same arrangement we found afterwards in the hotels and houses all through the East. I think it would be a nice fashion for New York.

Upon reaching Aden we could see nothing but a mass of irregular, jagged, peaked rocks, nothing green or pleasant in the prospect. Aden is about half way between Suez and Bombay, and is a very



convenient coal depôt. Some of the passengers went on shore to see the great water-tank in the mountains.

About twenty canoes came alongside of the steamer as we were anchored in the harbour. They were full of Arabian boys, with nothing but a coarse band around their bodies. Their cry was for money; silver money they wanted. We threw over some small coins, and you ought to have seen them dive. All shouted in chorus, then down they went twenty feet straight, and they never missed bringing up the piece they went for, and in their mouths too. If it was not silver it wasn't worth going for. It was great fun to see them.

The natives came on board with ostrich feathers—beauties—much handsomer than those we bought on the Nile.

We left Aden after coaling, and then went on to Bombay, where we arrived, January 15th, just two weeks from Suez.

We had very nice Sabbath services on the "Malwa," the two Sundays we were on board. The English service was performed by the senior chaplain of the Bengal army. We sang also, which made it very pleasant. I like to keep Sunday when we are travelling. If we did not, I think we should hardly remember the days of the week. There was an old lady once, a missionary, a very good pious woman she was, returning from a visit to America. In the long voyage she had somehow lost the run of the days, and one Sabbath afternoon she took out her knitting-work. She was horrified when her daughter told her it was Sunday. But you would not believe if you have never been at sea, how easy it is to forget; all days are so much alike.

## CHAPTER IX.

## FIRST DAY IN INDIA.

I WENT first with Mr. Field to Malabar Hill above the city, where there are many fine residences of English people. At some of these we left cards.

Then we got a palanquin for grand-mamma. This is a covered carriage long and narrow, but not high enough to sit in upright. It is a nice thing for an invalid, for you can lie down in it, and draw the shutters or slide them back as you wish. Four men place it by means of poles on their shoulders, and can carry a person so for a long distance.

Grandmamma liked it very much, and so did I too.

The natives are called Hindoos. They are dressed in turbans of every colour, and a kind of wrap thrown around them, leaving their arms and legs bare. Their skin is a real mahogany colour, and the contrast with their fancy scarfs and turbans gave them a very handsome appearance, I thought. They chatter and talk a great deal, and are fond of travelling; indeed the railways derive great profit from the natives. When railways were first introduced in India it was in the time of the Mutiny, and they were built by the English for the purpose of transporting their soldiers, provisions, and material of war. It was not supposed that the natives would patronize them much, on account of their caste. Caste means class. There are four principal classes among the people of India, and they are not allowed to asso-

ciate with each other. Their rules are very strict, so that they cannot eat together, or even eat or drink out of the same dishes, and it is a great crime even for a low-caste man to touch one of the highest caste. So you see there would be great difficulty in railway travelling, where people get mixed up as they do with us. They have provided for this by having four classes of cars, and the fourth class are not much better than our cattle pens.

India is very well adapted for railways, and grandmamma said when we were talking about it that they would do a great deal towards enlightening the people. We could see afterwards as we went about, that in the neighbourhood of the stations their appearance was much improved.

The railway stations are just like garden bowers. They are filled with greenery, shrubs, palms and other trees, flowers of the sweetest perfume, little fountains,

and gravelled, or a sort of red clay, walks. I heard some one say that the Company gave a prize for the best kept and prettiest station. If our American people would do so, our stations wouldn't be the rough, homely places they are.

The sleeping-carriages were roomy and comfortable, but very dusty. All the railways belong to English companies, but many of the attendants are Indians. They are so pleased with the system that they are rapidly extending it, and are even planning for street-railways in the cities. I am sure these will break up their caste notions if they huddle all sorts of people in together, as they do in the street-cars of New York.

The different castes give quite a variety of costumes, so that you might get up a fancy ball at short notice.

On the day of our arrival it was not hot, though it looked like a hot day in

July with us. Everything is again new, as different from the Egyptian style, which we had just left, as that is from the European.

We came through the native part of the city, and saw all the people busy with their trades, at their meals, or smoking, dreaming they seemed. In the English part we found fine squares with handsome buildings. In one square near the hotel is a statue of Queen Victoria. We took a drive, heard the military band, and saw all the nations of the earth, I may truly say. I did not feel like talking, it was all so strange and curious. The drive on the esplanade was very fine. There was an encampment there of a portion of the Indian army.

The harbour in the distance was filled with shipping. My heart fluttered as I saw several of our flags floating on the breeze. The more I see of other countries,



the better I love my own. Natives of other lands think well of us too, or talked to me as if they did, and you may think that made me feel proud of my own dear native country.

I must tell you of another way of travelling in India; this is bullock-dawk, or bullock-riding. The Indian bullock is something like the bison of America, but is not so clumsy and ugly-looking. The hump is narrower and higher, and looks something like a ruff around the neck, and we thought it really looked pretty. The animal is a sort of cream colour. They trot very pleasantly, and quite rapidly, even going five miles an hour.

And now I must tell you of something that happened to me, the most startling adventure I ever had. They say a book is no book at all unless it has an adventure to relate. The Elephanta, an island famous for its rocky temples, is an hour and a half

from the city by steamer, and a place much visited. We chartered a boat, and with our consul and some others went down. The tug was in charge of two natives. We steamed along pleasantly, enjoying the harbour, the shipping, the city, and the island which we were approaching. The tide being low they could not land us, and alongside came a dug-out, which, you know, is merely the trunk of a tree scooped out. This was manned by one native with two paddles. A young man of our party jumped in, and some one proposed that grandma and I should get in. I begged and prayed her not to go, but she went, and so I went too. We paddled along for a few rods, when the waves coming in upset our rickety shell of a boat, and in a twinkling we were all down in the bottom of the sea. With our eyes and mouths filled with water, we struggled to the surface, and caught hold

of the young man. Grandmamma thought he could swim, and begged him to save me. He clung to the boat, and she too, until our servant who was in the steamer and could swim, came to our assistance. Then the boatman came, and after a hard struggle, we got in through the mud and stones safely. Poor Mr. Field! He soon came with our maid, and some wraps, which she had fortunately brought on the steamer, and after wringing us as dry as she could, we were taken back to the steamer, where we received the congratulations and kind attentions of our party. What a dreadful thing it would have been if we had been drowned in the harbour of Bombay!

This first day in India I had cause to remember.

## CHAPTER X.

## HINDOO FASHIONS.

THE next day we went to the bazaars, and in the evening my friends dined out; but the dinner was so late I did not go. I went to bed as a boy should. Sometimes when on my travels I wished I could have a little more liberty, but I am sure the early hours and regularity in my habits was for my good.

On Sunday I went to hear the Bishop of Bombay preach. It seemed like a Catholic church, for the service was chanted throughout. The sermon did not interest me much.

The evening before we left Bombay, our American consul took me to drive behind the loveliest little ponies. We went like the wind. I liked that. Mr. Field was in another carriage with the aide-de-camp of the commander-in-chief of the English army. At night, an officer told us some startling stories of tiger hunts.

On January 19th we left Bombay. I was sorry to leave so soon, for I could have enjoyed myself there for weeks, there was so much to see. One of our American missionaries, whom we had visited, came to see us off, and gave us a list of those in the upper country. How much good these missionaries are doing! I could see it myself. Wherever they settle down, it is just as if a light was set in a dark place. You can see a difference in the looks and ways of the people.

We reached Allahabad the second evening. This city is in the upper country,

and quite inland. We were very tired when we arrived and went right to bed. The rooms contained two beds each, placed near each other, covered with nets. At the back of the apartments was a court where servants are always in attendance, and I don't know where they sleep, for they are ready at the slightest summons. The bath and every needful accommodation was at hand. All was open, no locks, bolts or bars, only straw blinds hung at the doors. This I didn't like so well, but it was their fashion, and we had to put up with it.

The natives came early in the morning, offering for sale their chicken-work (embroidery) as it is called. This is beautiful and very cheap. Machinery has interfered very much with this, the only sort of work these poor, wretched women can do, and they are willing to sell it for almost anything. The women are very miserable-

looking; they have nothing at all to make their lives happy. I don't see hardly how they live. I don't wonder they feel sorry when a little girl is born. How different it is in our own country!

We drove, in the course of the day, to the fort, and I mounted the rampart, and saw the sacred rivers of the Ganges and Jumna which meet here. The natives believe that there is a third river which joins with these two, but that it flows directly from heaven and is invisible. What a droll idea!

There is a large settlement at the junction. We saw here two elephants coming across the sandy plain laden with their burdens. All the elephants we have at home are for show, but here they are for use.

The natives crowded the streets coming from their work, and bazaars, costumes, snake-charmers, and sorcerers kept my



eyes open. They are wonderful gymnasts. One little fellow threw himself in our way, laid down a bit of cloth on the ground, and went through the most wonderful feats. I had never seen such, even at the circus.

There were many funny things in the shops I wanted, but we couldn't buy everything ; if we could we couldn't have brought them home. So we had to make careful selections. Their copper and brass vessels and vases were very pretty. As we looked up the street, with shops on both sides, it seemed like some grand parade, with everybody in fancy costumes. Some were praying with their faces turned towards Mecca, and here and there, quite numerous, were the Hindoo idol-temples. How foolish and unmeaning their worship is !

Each Hindoo, every day, has painted on his face in green, red, gilt, or bronze, some word or sign to indicate the particular god under whose care he places himself for the

day, that he may be kept from snakes, may have luck in hunting, fishing, or whatever he undertakes. This sign is changed every day. The women believe in witches, charms, and spells, and their highest amusement is in listening to women who go about telling terrible stories about such things.

The people wear the oddest-looking rings on their fingers, arms, wrists, and ankles, and chased silver clasps on their toes. The marriage ring is worn on the fourth toe of the right foot. For a second marriage the ring is put on the hand; on the finger used by our ladies, only on the right hand. Their ornaments are silver, which they value here more than gold. The women wear rings in the nose, and dangling also from the tops of their ears.

If a man is ill, his brother cooks for him; never a woman. All smoke opium. The pipe, a hookah, is a funny affair; a sort of

small tea-kettle with a long tube which they put in their mouth. This heater is for water, through which the fumes of the opium or tobacco pass before reaching the mouth, to rid them of a portion of the poison. They smoke all the time, sitting in their shops and houses, and look dreamy and very disconsolate.

I enjoy everything I see, and every moment of the time; and no part is more pleasant than the sunset and twilight hours, when grandma and I sit down together, in the coolest and coziest place we can find, and talk over what we have seen. She tells me a good deal about these strange places and people which she has read, so that I really learn more than I should by just seeing them. Then she writes down what I tell her, and it is by these notes, which I call my journal, that I can remember this story of my travels.

We went into one of the idol temples and

saw the strangest offerings made to their gods.

“How many gods do you suppose these Hindoos have?” said grandmamma one day.

I was sure I couldn't tell; I hadn't the slightest idea. And then she told me they had three hundred and thirty millions! There was a converted Brahmin, Sheshadri, in New York not long ago, at the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance there, and she heard him tell about them. He said, from the hour a child is born, its parents have to sacrifice to some of these gods, in order to obtain favour for their little one. Gaupati, one of the most powerful of these, is represented with the tusks and head of an elephant. I dare say you have seen pictures of him; I have, and this horrid image is worshipped by thirty millions of children.

We left for Agra on the 21st. Mr.

Field went to Delhi, and I was to have gone with him, but was too tired from the effects of hard beds and pillows.

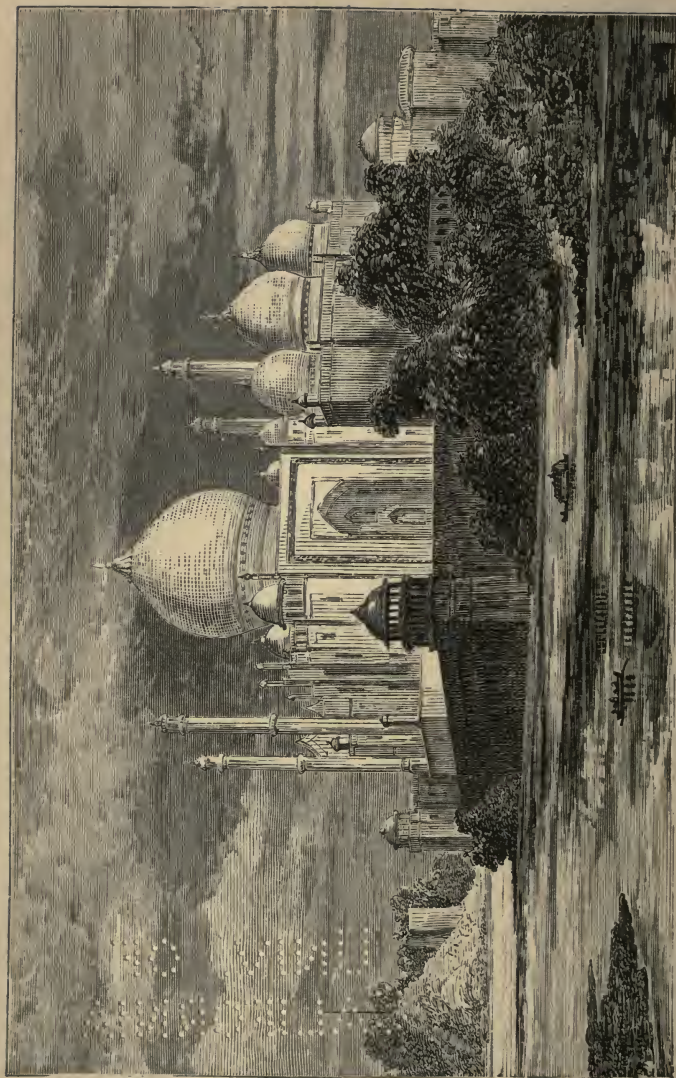
We were expected at Agra, but one would have thought they never had expected or seen a traveller. The master of the hotel received us, and then suddenly disappeared. He might have been in Africa as to any provision made for us; and where we were to get our dinner we could not see. The chickens were picking about the yard, the natives were swinging in their hammocks, a perfect picture of tropical laziness. Our maid went to inquire if that was the only hotel, and found that there were three belonging to the Railway Company. At length the man we had first seen made his appearance, and after a little more waiting we were settled in very comfortable quarters.

Friends called upon us and we began to feel at home. Friends? Yes, there are

English people in all the cities and towns of India, and we had letters of introduction to many of them. This makes travelling in India quite pleasant. There is a sort of home feeling there, seeing English faces and homes, and hearing our own native language, which we did not have in Egypt or afterwards in China. Hindostan seems almost an extension of England in many respects, notwithstanding the face of the country, the trees, animals, houses, carriages, and common people all looked so different.







THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD.

THE next day we were invited to pass with a friend, and a carriage was sent quite early to take us to the Taj, the most magnificent temple in India, or perhaps in the whole world. I had seen its pure white dome and minarets for miles before we reached the city.

The gentleman at whose house we were to visit that day is a poet, and has written a long and interesting description of this temple. So has Bayard Taylor, one of our American writers. But nothing they have said can give one a proper impres-

sion of this splendid building, much less can a boy do it. It is, indeed, beyond words ; but still I can tell you something, and you must try to think out the rest.

There had been rain—a rarity in India at this season—and this made our drive far pleasanter than it would otherwise have been. As we entered through the great gates, suited to this grandest of temples, we looked down a long row of sparkling fountains, each casting up a single, slender jet, falling into a long marble basin which extended away through to the end. On both sides were palm-trees and a feathery bamboo, producing a delightful shade ; birds were singing, and flowers of sweet perfume—roses, lemon-blossoms, and others—bloomed abundantly.

The Taj stands in a large garden. The enclosure is 1860 feet long and more than 1000 wide ; you will have to study this a little to get at the size ; and the

high wall around it is built of red sandstone, beautifully carved with various patterns and with illuminated verses of the Koran. It is said the whole Koran is thus inlaid in the Taj. There is a large gateway, 140 feet high and 110 wide, on each side of this enclosure; and a lovely arcade, like the one I have described, reaches from each one to the temple, which stands in the centre.

The Taj is an eight-sided building, and stands on a high platform of marble, with a minaret at each corner, and this on a vast terrace of solid stone-work. On each side is a grand entrance, formed by a pointed arch, high and very beautiful. It is built of the purest white marble, so white that it almost dazzles your eyes to look at it, and throughout the whole the marble is inlaid with the prettiest designs in marbles of different colours, mostly pale brown and a bluish violet; and the whole

is as perfectly finished as those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony which you have seen.

We had heard and read of the long, sweet echo in this wonderful temple, but we could have no idea of it until we heard it ourselves. The slightest noise was taken up, and carried on waves of sound, long, slow, and exquisite, in and up, till it seemed as if the spirits in the air were chanting to the angels. We stood in awe. It didn't seem to me as if I could be on earth. I could never have imagined anything half so lovely as when we sang. Simple, slow tunes are the best. Bayard Taylor tells a story of two gentlemen who visited the Taj, and tried the effect of the echo in this way:—One of them, who had a clear, strong voice, softly sang the "Old Hundredth," and the other, a very stern man, who was not used to show any feeling, suddenly burst into tears. He said,



“ Invisible beings seemed to take up the sweet song of praise, until the echoes swelled into the sound of many voices, as if a heavenly choir were chanting their earnest hymn of ‘ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ! ’ ”

Within this building are the royal tombs. I must tell you the story as they, the people of India, believe it, about how this splendid temple came to be built. One day a famous emperor and his queen were playing cards together, and the queen asked her husband what he would do in case she died first. They loved each other very much, and the emperor told her he should build over her body a tomb which should be the wonder and admiration of all who beheld it, and should commemorate her name for ever. She died suddenly soon after, and the emperor kept his word. It is said to have cost nearly ten millions of dollars. The emperor himself was after-

wards buried there, more than two hundred years ago.

The tombs are of white marble, inlaid with mosaics of flowers in chalcedony, onyx, amber, sapphire, carnelian, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, which look as fresh and the marble as pure as if they were just built. Fresh-cut flowers, in the greatest variety and abundance and of the sweetest fragrance, are supplied every day by the Hindoo attendants, who are in constant service.

When Mr. Field returned from Delhi, he told us of a beautiful temple he had seen ; but it was nothing, we all said, to this grand, lovely Taj, which was just like a most exquisite picture in every part, and, grandma said, like a poem too. I suppose it was, but, being a boy, I didn't catch that idea.

We had another view of the Taj, which was a great treat, going at eleven o'clock



at night to see it by the light of the full moon. I shall never forget its dazzling whiteness, only matched by the pure moonlight. The air was quite cool, and, as we walked through the long arcade, each with a Hindoo guide, and many following in their wraps of muslin and white turbans, I seemed to be in a dream or in some other world, and the more so as we entered the temple. Mr. Field had ordered a torch-illumination. The natives, in their strange costume, had gone before us, and were standing, one in each arched-way or window of the gallery, above and below, with their torches, and the effect was very odd. The cut flowers on the tombs in that light almost surpassed those made of gems centuries ago.

I hope to see the Taj again when I am a man; I think I was too young to enjoy it fully. I had a sad feeling while I was there; it had a sort of spiritual, unearthly

look to me. Oh, the time, money, and lives which have been consumed in building this great monument, for it is just that and nothing more ! We go to our beautiful Greenwood, and wonder at some of the fine monuments there ; but think of this—so large, so rich, so lovely—just for Shah Jehan and his wife !

I went with my grandma to the Pearl Mosque, while Mr. Field was in Delhi. This is a beautiful building, but we had seen the Taj, and what was worth seeing after that ? It is built of pure white marble, and in so neat and chaste a style as to give it this poetical name. During the Mutiny this beautiful building was used as a hospital. This is on one side, and there is a building exactly like it on the other side, only put there “to keep the balance true.” This is called the jawâb, or “answer.” This false mosque is as fine as the true, and is

appropriated to the use of travellers and pleasure parties.

We returned from visiting these through the bazaars, where we saw the usual display of copper and brass vessels of beautiful forms and many curious and pretty things.

We passed several bungalows, as the houses are called, with pretty shaded grounds around them, and one especially, where we saw many men and women sitting outside, sewing or working at something. Our friend said this was the jail. The convicts are very comfortable, and are often sorry to leave to return to their wretched life and uncertain means of support. They all learn some trade while they are in prison. At our friend's house, on the drawing-room floor, was a beautiful carpet which had been made in the jail. It was sent to the Vienna Exposition, and would have obtained the prize but for a

slight defect in the pattern. The design and colours were beautiful.

Here we met two young English noblemen, who, hearing me speak of Paris, asked whom I knew there. I mentioned Count D—— among others, and found he was an intimate friend of theirs also. It is very pleasant in a foreign country to meet with those who are acquainted with our own friends. You can hardly tell how pleasant it is unless you have tried it.

At Agra is another elegant tomb, and before the entrance is a marble screen, with the most elaborate carving or piercing in flowers and filagree work, almost as fine, I think, as that at the Taj; it looked just like lace.

We found here lovely plates, dishes, paper-weights, and many other things, specimens of which we brought with us. We bought also a soap-stone model of the Taj; but when we opened it, after we got

home, I am sorry to say we found it shivered to atoms.

We were at Agra thrèe days, and I should have enjoyed a much longer stay.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MEMORIALS OF WAR.

At Cawnpore and Lucknow we saw many places which brought to mind scenes in the Sepoy Mutiny, an insurrection in India against the English government nearly twenty years ago.

The first place we went to in Cawnpore was the Memorial Garden. In it is the well into which the women and children were thrown, some dead, some dying, and some alive, all in one fearful heap on that fatal 15th of July. It was one of the darkest deeds of blood that ever blackened the page of history, grandmamma said. The well is

enclosed with iron railings. The Memorial is on a raised mound, and in the centre is a white marble statue of an angel, with folded wings, by a famous English sculptor, Gibson.

Near this mound is another enclosure containing the graves of English soldiers who fell at Cawnpore during the mutiny. Mr. F—— and I went about, and read the inscriptions. The garden is filled with trees, shrubs, and flowers, a lovely place for the dead heroes.

After lunch we went on to Lucknow, where we passed the night. Here we saw the former palaces of the kings of Oude. They are showy buildings with gilt domes, towers, and minarets. They are now turned into schools, hospitals, and government offices. We saw much to interest us. There was an old man sitting in a pavilion, where the old king used to give audience. His hair was long, and streaming in the



wind, and made me think of pictures I had seen of "old Father Time." He was a pilgrim, and we gave him money to help him on, as the custom is.

Mr. Field and I went to the grave of Major-General Lawrence, who was killed in that dreadful mutiny. His monument is a stone cross, with these words on it: "In memory of Major-General Lawrence, K.C.B., and the brave men who fell in defence of the Residency, A.D. 1857."

The Residency was the place where the English government officers lived in Lucknow. Here the soldiers, with the women and children, took refuge during the siege. Constant streams of shot and shell were poured in upon them, and at last they had to remove the women and children to the cellar. Still they were not entirely safe, for a shell entered even here and exploded, killing several. They fortified the Residency as well as they were able. The

women were as brave as the men. They prepared the food, nursed the sick and wounded, and even helped to load the guns. It was here that, you have been told, the Scotch girl, Jennie Brown, put her ear to the ground, and declared she heard the slogan of the McGregors ; but I believe this very pretty story is all imagination.

At Lucknow we saw a procession of elephants, and were present at the drill of the troops. There were as many natives as whites, and they look very handsome in uniform.

In going from Cawnpore to Lucknow we drove over a bridge of boats ; did you ever see one ? Long, flat boats are moored close together, and fastened securely, and a walk or bridge is laid directly over these. Such bridges are convenient for rivers which are subject to sudden risings, which would be likely to sweep away an ordinary bridge.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A FUNNY EXCURSION.

BENARES is the sacred city of the Hindoos, who say it is the oldest in the world. It is situated on one side of the Ganges, and has over a thousand idol temples, besides hundreds of mosques and idol-shrines. It has an immense population, and we saw a great deal here that was strange.

There were pilgrims coming and going all the time ; people crowding down to the holy river to bathe in or carry away the water ; the fakirs, or religious beggars ; the sacred monkeys ; funeral piles, where

they were burning the bodies of the dead, and many other sights.

Our arrival at Benares was expected.

Marain Mohamet met us at the station, and said he was instructed to take charge of us. He drove us to a hotel, and said he would call for us early in the morning. We had a good chance for rest, and the next morning were in prime order for our excursion. Of course, we knew nothing of how it was to be done. He drove us first to his own house. There we found two elephants in waiting; a large one for Mr. Field, and a baby one for me. Didn't I enjoy it as I rode along on the back of the great beast! For if it was a baby it was something of a monster compared to a little fellow like me. But we were on the best of terms. Our ride, however, in this style was not very long, only to another part of the city, where, in an open square, was the great state elephant sent by the

Maharajah. On this was a splendid howdah, or seat, mounted with silver. The elephant kneeled, and we went up to our seats by a ladder. Then the great creature rose, and really the ground seemed to shake with the effort. When on his feet, we were, I do not know how many feet above the earth. Then the state procession was formed. Two policemen preceded us to clear the way, and chair-bearers with two umbrella-bearers followed, one carrying a yellow, and the other a red umbrella, which they held over us whenever we alighted. The people made us salaams, or greetings, as we passed.

They took us through the streets to the banks of the Ganges, where we alighted, and went on board a steam barge, which was in waiting for us. As we steamed up the river we were interested to see how many temples and palaces there were all the way along. The people, too,

were in crowds, many of them washing in the sacred river.

At last we got to the palace, and, in the absence of the Maharajah from home, his son received us. We were conducted through the apartments to the Hall of Audience, where he put on our necks showy chains of silver and silk. Afterwards, we were taken by bearers in a large open chair to see the tigers, and finally were brought back to the steamer, and so home. Now, wasn't that jolly fun for a boy? I tell you I enjoyed it!

## CHAPTER XIV.

## TO MADRAS VIA CALCUTTA.

WE returned to Mogul Serai, where we had branched off to go to Benares, Mr. Field and I, and proceeded to Calcutta. There we found grandmamma and her maid, who had gone straight on with some others to Calcutta, comfortably settled in a good hotel. It was in the afternoon, and an invitation had come for a ball at the Viceroy's; so I left them to go, and went right down to the steamer, where they joined me on their return. This was our first night on the steamer "Indus," bound to Ceylon.

I was sorry not to see more of Calcutta,



which is the capital of India. There are fine drives here, and you may see many elegant equipages of the Indian nobility, foreigners, and military. The Viceroy's carriage was a very handsome one.

His palace was something like our President's house at Washington, only larger. Our consul in Calcutta had been in our army in the War of the Rebellion. We found him very pleasant and attentive.

The "Indus" was a very large vessel. It was two days before we got over the bar at the mouth of the river, and we had plenty of time to rest and talk over our adventures. Grandmamma and I took solid comfort together, and Mr. Field used to enjoy seeing us lounge and chat in the cool evening breeze. The days were hot; no hotter weather, perhaps, than we have at home, but it held on. Sometimes, though, a little breeze would spring up after the sun

set, and then we would get our chairs on deck and take the good of it. And I don't know of any two persons who can talk faster or enjoy it more than grandma and I when we get settled to it.

There were not many passengers, and not a boy among them. I don't know where the boys are kept. I have seen very few either of boys or girls of late. We had the usual amusements on board ship; quoits, chess, backgammon, looking at the compass and log, walking the decks, and eating breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper. Five meals? Of course; going to sea makes people hungry, and we were as good as at sea on the Bay of Bengal. So the time passed, and I enjoyed every moment until we arrived at Madras.

We had a Sabbath on the "Indus." The captain read the service, and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, an American missionary and visitor to the different missions, preached a

sermon. The captain always said grace at the table too.

When we arrived I was full of going on shore, just as eager as I could be, not dreaming of the horrors that awaited us. Our steamer didn't sail up alongside of a wharf, as it would if we had arrived at New York, but there it lay ever so far from shore, and no way to get there but by a little boat made of bamboo and sewed together. You can judge how you would like that. The boat was manned by a dozen natives, almost naked, very black and hideous, screaming and screeching like madmen. No sooner had we got in, than it seemed as if it must go over. I felt very much as I did in the dug-out at Elephanta, rather miserable. To move half an inch either way would tip us over; so I stood up as still as I could, holding on to the mast. As we approached the shore, it grew worse and worse. Such a surf no

boat could live in, excepting a light one made of bark like this, and manned by natives who watch each wave, and steer straight through. But they piloted us in safety. At the very last they took us on a plank on their shoulders (this was the charming part), and carried us in through the breakers, and when arrived at the low wharf, down they dropped us without the slightest ceremony, giving us no chance to say "By your leave," or "Thank you." Well, we always feel glad when we get through such a performance; at all events elder people do. It doesn't matter much for a boy how he gets tumbled about. It's fun—when it's all over.

In Madras the weather was very hot. We drove in the Zoological Garden. The carriage was so narrow that I couldn't bear to turn a corner, lest it should tip over; and the streets were so narrow that the driver and others had sometimes to take hold to

turn the carriage. But there was a broad road through the garden or park, which made it easier and pleasanter to drive inside. The largest Bengal tigers I ever saw were there, with leopards, a laughing hyena, very fierce, a great lion, and many monkeys. The keeper took out two young leopards, and handed them to us. They looked like large grey rats, and were about the size. There was a large hippopotamus in a tank; its skin, or hide, was coarse, and seemed laid in plaits, and it was a very dull-looking animal.

There are a few horses in India, of a small kind, but they depend on England and Australia for all their good horses, and have to be very, very careful of them. They can only be worked in carriages a little while in the morning and afternoon.

We became acquainted with Mr. Edwards, the agent of the American Ice Company in Madras. He looks after the American in-

terests here, although he is not our consul. He was very attentive to us. He gave me the best glass of water I had tasted since I left home, and brought us off to our steamer in his own boat, which was a great deal better than the native boat. He dined with us on the steamer. It is a lonely life for a young man. He looks fresh now, but the intense heat will, I am afraid, soon fade him out.

What a blessing our great Ice Company is to India! They manufacture ice there now, but only in small quantities to keep their food.

## CHAPTER XV.

## CEYLON'S ISLE.

NEVER was there a lovelier day, or a more beautiful view, than that which we enjoyed as we approached Galle, in Ceylon. The harbour is difficult to enter, and at certain tides quite dangerous, on account of the hidden rocks. But we were piloted safely through. We saw the masts of two ships which had been wrecked on them but a little while before, through the carelessness of the captains. No lives were lost, but very valuable cargoes, one of which they were diving for while we were there. The insurance agent sat by me at table, and



invited me to go down and see the batteries and divers ; but the heat was too great, and I was a little timid. Since my ducking at Bombay I have felt rather unsafe in small boats and, until I can swim shall hardly venture in them.

Our hotel is outside of what is called the Old Fort. India had looked so parched, that the cocoa-nut and other palms, the banana and bread-fruit trees, and green grass were beautiful and refreshing here. The heat was not so intense as we had thought it would be, but it was continuous and oppressive even through the night. The greenness comes from being near the sea, and from heavy dews.

This place is very unlike any I have seen. The hotel is pleasantly situated, and the church and shops quite near. We stayed at the Oriental, which has a fine portico, with lounging chairs and tables, and is lighted at night. The gentlemen, it

seemed to me, sat in a very free-and-easy way, smoking, with their feet on the long arms of the chairs; and I wondered what English writers would say of Americans who did so!

It had rained the day before we arrived, and there were several showers during our stay. This was quite unusual at this season, and was very pleasant.

We paid a visit at the house of Captain Bailey, the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company; and had a beautiful time. The house has a verandah all around it, a part of it under glass, and there is a lovely view of the sea from it. It was paved with tiles, and elegant Persian rugs laid here and there; and it contained the most lovely collection of ferns I ever saw, fossils, and curiosities, and a splendid aquarium. The drawing-room was very pretty, but this lovely verandah was their living-room, and I do not wonder.

We returned by another road, and saw more of the natives and their houses. The men have handsome faces, and the children are really pretty, with black hair, sometimes curling. They ran after us in crowds, begging, and keeping time with their cries by slapping their hands and sides. I set the boys to showing off their antics, by throwing them a little coin once in a while. It was great fun to see them first scrambling for the money, and then kicking up their heels. Some of the people had the queerest little carts, drawn by very small oxen.

The roads were just as shady as they could be. There were great palm-trees all along both sides, their branches meeting in an arch overhead. It was just like riding through the woods, and not woods like those at home either, for the trees were all different from ours. While we stayed in Ceylon, we drove almost every evening; and, oh, how I did enjoy it!

The road from Galle up the island runs along the sea-shore, and is called the Colombo road. The drive for three or four miles is said to give a fair idea of the scenery for the whole distance, seventy-two. If it does, it must be a very delightful journey. I never saw anything more beautiful.

Another lovely drive was to Wahwalla Bungalow, about five miles from the hotel. The approach is steep for a third of a mile, and we got down from our carriage and walked this distance. The view is beautiful: a mixture of woods and water, plains and mountains. On a clear day we could see the famous Adam's Peak, away off in the south-eastern provinces, the highest of three sugar-loaf mountains, which were probably once volcanoes.

This spot is held very sacred by the Buddhists, one of the religious sects in India. Lots of pilgrims go there every

year. What weary work this must be for the poor creatures ; for they have to climb to the very tip-top of this high mountain. To accommodate the old women and little children, there are stairs and iron chains along the sides of the deep precipices. This is one of the ways they try to earn salvation, by following and worshipping what they call the footprints of their great god Buddha, which they say he has left here in the solid rock. What a queer idea !

## CHAPTER XVI.

## SPICY BREEZES.

ONE of the most lovely drives at this place was to Gonlolta Bridge, on the road to Colombo. The road winds around the banks of a river, through groves of coconut, jack, and bread-fruit trees, and again through broad rice-fields, bringing us to the cinnamon gardens of Guidwa. The cinnamon plant is a shrub, or small tree, with a leaf that is very fragrant when bruised. The cinnamon we use is the inner bark of the tree. We saw it in a great many gardens nearer the town.

The jack-tree is a large tree, something

like the bread-fruit, only the leaf is shaped differently, and the fruit is much larger. It is so large that a full-grown one is almost a load for a man. The natives make a curry of it, but foreigners do not generally like it. The bread-fruit, when cooked, tastes something like hot rolls. It furnishes a very good food for the people of these warm countries. The wood of the jack-tree is much used in making furniture—yellowish, heavy, and very nice.

The mango is a large tree, but we did not like the fruit, though the natives think it very nice when ripe. The palm is the glory of the island and is very useful. From its leaves they make their houses ; its fruit is meat and drink ; it gives building-wood, firewood, oil to light the little cottage, and rope to strengthen it ; and, then, as an offset, the arrack on which the man gets drunk and beats his wife.

The areca-palm is tall, slender, and as



straight as an arrow. It grows by the side of wells or streams, and contains a nut which the natives chew with the leaf of the betel creeper and lime, or, as it is called, chunam. They have a saying that "he who finds a straight cocoa-nut tree, a crooked areca-nut tree, or a white crow, will never die."

The banana is a beautiful plant, and is in perfection here. We are very fond of the fruit in our own country, but if you would know just how good it is you should eat it here when it is just ripe. It grows in large, heavy clusters, and when it is ripe the plant dies, and is replaced by young suckers from its roots. These grow rapidly, bear their fruit, and in their turn die, and so on.

The coffee-shrub, called the coffee-laurel, is very productive here, and a great deal is sold from this island. We saw it in almost all the native gardens; its delicate white

blossoms perfume the air, and the green berries, or scarlet when ripe, look very pretty. The berries are considered by many very delicious, and the seed inside these is the coffee which we have roasted and ground for use.

I hoped to have gone to Colombo, but was not well when my friends went, and I lost a great deal. They told me about the deep ravines, the foaming cataracts, the mountains 8000 feet high, where warm clothing and fires are needed, and the wonderful Buddhist temple. They have a sacred relic there, which they say is the tooth of their god. How ridiculous! It is more likely the tooth of a wild boar.

There are a great many wild animals in Ceylon; the elephant, leopard, bear, buffalo, wild pig, and the porcupine; but they have been hunted until now they can only be found in the thickets, or jungles, as they say there. Deer are abundant, and so

are pea-fowl and jungle-fowl. The birds are teal, doves, snipe, golden plover, and parrots.

Precious stones are plenty : the sapphire, ruby, topaz, amethyst, and a sort they call cat's-eyes. There is a diamond too, but it is not very valuable. Pearls were once very abundant, but they say there has been no pearl fishery in Ceylon for many years.

The tortoise-shell work is most beautiful. Oh, how we enjoyed looking at it ! The yellow is considered much nicer than the black, and costs more. They only use the claws for that.

Lace is another article of trade, but not of the fine delicate sort my mamma likes. I think this might be more useful than pretty. They said it would bear washing, and I rather think they were right.

They make lovely work-boxes in Ceylon, and writing-desks, baskets of ebony, and porcupine quills ; also fine walking-sticks

of the same. We bought canes of the wood of the camphor-tree.

The missionaries have done a great deal for Ceylon. All the time we were there we were thinking of the lovely hymn we so often sing at home :—

“ What, though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.”

I was told one evening, as we sat in the verandah, the history of this hymn. It was written more than fifty years ago by Bishop Heber of England, before he became bishop. People had just begun to know about the heathen, and to think of sending the Bible to them. There was going to be a great missionary meeting one Sabbath day, and

Mr. Heber's father-in-law was going to preach the sermon, and as they were talking and planning about the service the evening before, some one asked "What shall we sing?" for in those days they had no hymns that were suitable for such a meeting. That stirred up this young man, and he took a pencil and paper, and wrote this one as quickly as if writing it from memory. It came right into his mind. There was a simple, common tune which everybody knew, that it would go to, and so they sang it at their meeting next day; and I just wonder at how many missionary meetings it has been sung since! And always to that same tune!

Since that time many missionaries have gone to the beautiful island of Ceylon. They have built churches now and schools, and many of the poor people have learned about God and the way to heaven.

The people are good-natured and good-

looking, and as active as they can be in such a warm climate, and I dare say they will go on to improve.

But they are not all as honest as they ought to be. I had a funny time with one of the natives. I was standing one day in the door of the hotel, and a man came up to sell some little wares. We are just crowded with such people wherever we go. Well, he handed me the prettiest little engraved match-box you ever saw, and wanted me to buy it. I looked at it and looked at it, and thought it seemed like something I had seen before; and then I knew, it all came over me in a minute, that it was one I had bought myself in Paris when we passed through on our way here. I had missed it, and wondered what could have become of it. I ran and told Mr. Field, and he applied to the Deputy-Advocate-General, who lived at the hotel. He had the man arrested, and the police tried to find out

where he got it, but they couldn't. The next day the man was brought to trial, and I was witness for the first time in my life. It was a strange scene to me, I can tell you, when I found myself surrounded by a crowd of dusky faces and told my story to the judge; an English gentleman he was. The man could give no satisfactory account of where he got the box, and his guilt was evident. He was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. I pitied the man, but he belonged to a band of thieves and receivers of stolen goods, and my elders all thought he ought to be punished. They gave me a record of this first law case in which I was ever interested, which I intend to keep.



## CHAPTER XVII.

TO ADELAIDE.

IT was a beautiful day when we embarked in the English steamer "Nubia," from Ceylon for Adelaide in Australia.

The next day was our first Sunday on board, and I was sorry to find we were to have no service with the ship's company. It was the first time we had missed it. Even on the Nile, one of the gentlemen had read the service.

As I have said before, I enjoy Sunday when I am travelling. There is a muster of all hands, and a motley set often—Hindoos, Mahommedans, Chinese, and Chris-



READY FOR A PLUNGE.

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF  
THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
VOLUME LXXV. PART I. 1905.

tians ; with turbans, caps, and straw hats, the officers in uniform, and all so clean and fresh-looking. For, in all the ships we have been in, great attention has been paid to cleanliness and order.

Our passengers are as mixed as the crew — Australians going back after a visit home, as they call England ; others bound to Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, New Zealand, and King George's Sound. There was a large opera troupe on board, and a French party going to New Caledonia, to look after the French convicts.

An ocean steamer is a little world in itself.

I went down to dinner with Mr. Field ; I don't remember why grandmamma didn't go, but I know that when I came on deck again, she told me I had missed the most gorgeous sunset. She said the clouds were of the most delicate tints of pale green and blue, and almost every colour besides. The

sun dropped into the sea, and the huge border of clouds all along the western sky changed into every colour—red, yellow, with shades of grey, blue, carmine, and gold, reflecting their beautiful tints on the other side of the ocean. She said the blue was lovely—a shade she had never seen—and that above all this brilliant colouring, in the clear sky right over her head, was the moon, and it seemed to her she had never seen anything half so beautiful. I was sorry to have lost it. I enjoy sunsets; but after all I had a good dinner, and I was hungry, so it was all right.

That Sunday evening I saw a man sent to the mast-head for punishment. He was dressed in oriental costume—a turban, loose shirt, full trousers, and crimson scarf—and standing there, motionless, he looked like a figure-head.

They are very particular in these steamships about everything. Several times we

saw the hands go through the drill. The roll is called, then they take the buckets and are exercised to put out fire, then they man the boats, and so with all the manœuvres necessary on board ship. It was interesting to see all this, and comforting to know that they understand so well what to do in case of disaster; only I suppose at such times the poor sailors are as frightened as other people, and can't do what they know perfectly well.

The "Nubia" was an old steamer, and not very well fitted, we thought, for this long voyage. It was not comfortable either for so many passengers as we had. But we were carried safely by it, and arrived at Adelaide on the 10th of March.

When I went to school in New York, and used to see that great island in the south-east corner of the map of the Western Hemisphere, I never dreamed that I should one day, or at all events so soon, be stand-

ing on that very ground. I hardly knew whether I was alive or not, but concluded I was by the time we had got to the end of the long pier that took us to the railway train; for the day was very hot, and the long walk quite tired me out.

Adelaide is seven miles by railway, and the Government House is in a fine enclosure, which is ornamented with tropical trees and flowers. I never saw such a variety and abundance of fruit as they had there; thirty or forty kinds of grapes, and the most delicious. The vines were trained over a long arbour, and almost weighed the trellis down in great clusters of purple, white, green, and amber fruit. I never enjoyed grapes so before. They had water-melons too, and musk-melons, pears, and such figs, purple and white, as I had never tasted.

There was no one of my own age there, and I had expected to have a dull time, but



I never had a better in my life. Everybody was so kind, and tried to make me happy. I could not ride, for the horses were not suited to me for riding, or rather I was not suited to them, for they were too fast; but I learned to swim, and enjoyed my lessons in that delightful and necessary art very much. I took writing lessons too while I was there. You see we mixed the useful with the entertaining, and all in a way that made both more pleasant. I went about a great deal, and we had the opportunity of seeing more of Australia than most travellers. I cannot make a long story of all the pleasant excursions we had, though I should like to do so. One day Mr. Field took me to the Bungaree, or great sheep station. The sheep here are very valuable for their wool and their flesh. Sheep-raising is a source of great wealth to this country. The owner of this sheep-run had 100,000 in his flocks.

We also visited the famous Burra copper-mines. They are not so rich, I was told, as those of Lake Superior at home, but very wonderful. There is tin in these and iron as well as copper. They gave me some specimens of the ore, which I shall keep for my cabinet. By the time I get home I shall have quite a collection of minerals and curiosities. It will be pleasant when I come to be a man to look at these things and say, "This friend gave me this, and that friend gave me that, in Egypt, or Ceylon, or Australia when I was a little boy." I take great care of all these specimens.

We went to a church which was built by the owner of the sheep-run for his workmen. It was a very pretty church, and such a good thing for those people. I enjoyed Sunday there ever so much.

The next day we spent with the owner of a famous vineyard called after the place, Highercombe.





GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND GROUNDS, ADELAIDE.

We visited also another house on the mountain, where the table was spread with every kind of fruit and nut. There is a lovely view from the house. But it rained, and we had to take the view through a mist, which somewhat obscured it; but as we came down the sun broke through a mass of clouds, the sea looked like melted gold, and the great plain, with Adelaide and its pretty suburbs, its steeples and towers, were all bathed in the yellow light, and I never saw anything look so beautiful.

We went to a great many places in Adelaide, and enjoyed every moment; to the Gymnasium; to amateur concerts, horticultural exhibitions, and so on. The American flag was often entwined with the English, which seemed very pleasant to us. Three weeks were thus spent very delightfully, and we left Adelaide for Melbourne.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## MELBOURNE.

THIS city differs from Adelaide, for the streets are hilly, and the widest I ever saw. A good wide street gives one a chance to breathe, and I think all city streets ought to be wide, for the health of the people. These Australian towns, too, all have "reserves," which serve as parks ; another excellent arrangement.

It was a lovely but windy afternoon when we arrived. We came in a tiny steamer, after a three days' passage. The boat was like an egg-shell on the water, and rolled so I thought it would surely go over.



It groaned and creaked, and almost everybody on board was sick. There was a horrid little short roll to it, like that of the English Channel.

One thing good we found on this little steamer, a young Englishman, with whom we became very intimate, and who was our companion all the way to San Francisco, Mr. Graham, and of whom I will say only this, that he proved to be one of the most agreeable of fellow-travellers, and most valued of friends.

The approach to the city was very unpleasant; the whole neighbourhood being defiled by the dressing of skins.

The day after was Easter Sunday. We went to the cathedral, and heard a sermon; but I was thinking of our little church at home, and the beautiful Easter services, and grew a little bit homesick again.

After church, we lunched with Sir Redmond Barry, Judge of the Supreme Court,



and acting Chief Justice. He afterwards took us to the library, museum, and to a modelling hall for young artists. I have seen so many libraries, halls, town-halls, club-houses, and churches, that I was rather tired of them, only that these were so fine for this new country. We are apt to boast in America, and every stranger is surprised at our very rapid advance; but it is as remarkable here, as we see it in their towns and cities, their libraries, museums, and, above all, their wonderful botanical and other gardens. Adelaide and Melbourne both are noted for these and their great hospitals, prisons, and reformatories. I have been to them all.

Being Easter holiday-time, many of the stores were shut, and it seemed as if everybody who could go was out of town. They kept Easter here with a great deal more relish than our people do at home; or, rather, in a different way. Men and their

wives and children, old and young, were all enjoying out-door sports, many of which I had never seen. Dancing on the green, boating, foot-racing, cricket and croquet, base and football, merry-go-rounds, shows, and many other amusements they had, all in the people's park, or in the gardens. Crowds resorted to the country, and crowds to St. Kilda and other watering-places. I went with our consul's sons to see the Easter gaieties, and enjoyed all highly.

I passed a day with our consul, Mr. Adamson, who had two nice sons, one near my own age. We went to Sandridge, a shipping port, about four miles from Melbourne, where we visited two very large American sailing-ships. My heart beat with pride when I went on board, as it always does when I see the dear old flag, which we can now unfurl to all nations without shame.

But everywhere I went, I thought, what

a wonderful country this is ! It is large enough to be called a continent, and it seems, like ours, as if it might live within itself, without help from anybody. It has fruits, vegetables, and grains, the best beef, mutton, fish, and fowls, and an abundance of gold, silver, and copper. Besides the native fruits, many have been imported, and so have the cattle and sheep, and they are carefully improving all these. Scarcely a steamer comes from England without some expensive specimen of sheep for the rich wool-growers. Horses are found here wild, and these are sent away in large numbers to other places.

I went with Mr. Field one day to Bal-larat, to see the gold-mines. There an American gentleman took us in his carriage and showed us everything interesting, and told us a great deal about the mines and the country. He is the president of the Cobb Coach Company. Mr. Cobb, the man who

started these coaches, or omnibuses, was a countryman of ours. He made a large fortune, and lost it again, and now is at the Cape of Good Hope. These coaches are everywhere, his name still on each one.

We went to the hotel, and after lunch this gentleman took me into his room, and gave me a pyramid composed entirely of metals and quartz, and valuable specimens of precious stones. I wish you could see it; it would give you such an idea of the geology of Australia. It is a very handsome ornament, and I prize it much.

The people are so kind here; they show us all that is worth seeing, and offer us every service. We shall never forget the friends we found and left at Melbourne.

A large emeu-skin rug was given us. It is very handsome. The emeu is an enormous bird, a native of Australia. Its eggs are nearly as large as those of the ostrich, and are of a rich dark green colour. A

pair of these also were mounted in Adelaide as vases in silver fern-leaves, and make pretty ornaments. It will be so pleasant, when we get home, to have such reminders of each place we visit.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## SYDNEY.

THE steamer which brought us to Sydney was larger than that from Adelaide, but it was filled, as they all are, with passengers and freight. Our passage was pleasant, and, as we passed Botany Bay and came up the river, nothing could be imagined lovelier. Botany Bay is the spot where the English people used to send their convicts, as we all know.

The landing at Sydney is disagreeable, and has to be done, as in a good many other places where we have been, in small boats; and that, in bad weather, or at night,

is not easy. However, we got over it very well. I think we were very much favoured all through our travels, and escaped much that was unpleasant.

Landed, the only vehicles we could procure were the Hansom cabs. I always liked these, but here, to accommodate all the bags, sacks, and parcels one must have in travelling round the world, they were insufficient indeed. "More room, more room," we called for. However, we lived through that too. There's nothing like being good-natured when you are travelling. Laugh at all the tight places you get in, and they don't seem half so bad. At any rate we can safely laugh at them now they are all over, and we are thinking of them from our comfortable home.

We had telegraphed to the best hotel, but it was full. The races and the Agricultural Exhibition were in progress, and the city was thronged with strangers. The



“Royal” was full too, and so were all the rest. Here we were, late in the evening, tired and hungry, in the streets of an Australian city. But at last we found a shelter, and I made up my mind, as we walked into our rooms, that as soon as I got home I would put somebody up to coming out here and starting a grand hotel—for I was sure it would be a good investment; and I think so still, especially now there’s a regular line of steam-packets between San Francisco and Australia.

On Monday was the great Agricultural Exhibition. Upon the platform at the head of the room, were the Governor and his suite, with the ladies of his party. When they entered, the band struck up “God save the Queen,” and the Governor made the opening address.

I, of course, looked with the greatest interest for our American things, and when I found our sewing machines I watched to

see how they were received. Singer's and Wheeler and Wilson's were the favourites, but I ventured to tell the young woman in charge, of the Davis, and she took the address and said she would send for one.

There were no musical instruments on exhibition. I was very much surprised at that; we always at home have so many organs and pianos going. But they had lovely flowers; oh, so lovely! and a great deal of machinery and a variety of fabrics from all lands. A man was weaving shawls of the wool grown here. Shoes, boots, and wearing apparel of all kinds were on exhibition. Upon the whole, it was very much like such a show at home.

We made the acquaintance of the Secretary of State, a great man in Sydney. He was formerly a poor lad, a turner of ivory in England. Seventeen years ago, he came to Sydney. He is not rich, but has gained the hearts of the people, and that is better

than money. He has established the Botanical Gardens; and many schools and other institutions in the city. The name of Henry Packs is one held in the highest esteem by all the people.

We lunched with him. He was very kind to me, and of course I liked him for that. He took me over his grounds, and showed me a great variety of parrots, and a very rare animal, a snake-killer, an ugly-looking little creature.

He invited us to an excursion on the railway to the Blue Hills, where we saw some famous engineering in the road called the Zigzag. That interested me. The ride was delightful, for the scenery was splendid. It seemed something like the Massachusetts mountains. We lunched at the top of the hill. Mr. Lord, Member of Parliament, presided at table, and Sir Alfred Stephens was there, and other distinguished people, but I was the only boy.

The day before we left my friends dined at Mr. Allen's, whose family is large and wealthy. They had a charming visit ; but I think they made a mistake in not taking me with them there, for Mr. Allen's boys and girls were expecting me. I was very busy, however, seeing our luggage safely on board the steamer, and was fast asleep before they got home.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEA.

THE steamer "Flintshire," for Singapore, was not intended as a passenger steamer but for carrying cargo. But, notwithstanding the poor accommodations, it was the place where we were to set up our housekeeping arrangements for about four weeks. Moving, everything was pell-mell; but after a while we got into shipshape, and were ready for the voyage. The captain was a kind man. Among the passengers were three ladies, and some other people going to Singapore; and in the second cabin were two men who had in charge divers for the pearl-fisheries

of Somerset. They dive twenty fathoms down. The mother-of-pearl sells for a thousand dollars a ton in Sydney.

The first and second days out were very fine. We went ashore at Brisbane, and stayed all night, and dined with the Governor. The town is prettily situated on a river, which, at this place, winds between high banks.

There was a storm while the ship was lying in the harbour; and the next day and night there was a heavy swell. It was terrible. The most of us had to keep in bed. I was not sick, but felt more comfortable lying down. We shall never forget that night, tossed up and down on those awful waves.

But the day after that was perfectly lovely, and then such a cleaning up and setting in order. Everybody was bright again, and we steamed along, all sails set, the moon in her second quarter, the shore

stretching out in fanciful shapes, and in some parts crowned with high mountain peaks. We saw schools of porpoises, and when we lay-to, the passengers persisted in shooting the poor things. They might have let them alone, they do no harm. We saw water-snakes and sharks too.

The weather continued perfect, and we were fortunate in having the trade-wind, which saved us from the heat. Do you know what the trade-wind is, boys? We study about it in the geography, but you will have to sail or live near the Equator, before you will understand how pleasant it is.

A sensation! The flags were out. What was going to happen? It was the meeting our sister ship, the "Yeddo," from Singapore. It is nice to meet a friend in a strange city! How eagerly we shake hands! How we ask and tell the news! How fast our tongues run! But to meet a ship in the



sea, and one of the same line, that's an event! The sea is a wide place, and has no beaten roads. So when ships meet it makes a stir. We stopped. A small boat was rowed alongside, and an officer came on board. They had been aground somewhere, and delayed, so they were a little short of supplies. We gave them hay for their sheep, eggs and potatoes for their table.

The "Yeddo" was filled with Chinese going to seek employment in Australia. We have seventy Chinese on board our ship going home, having made plenty of money. Our stewards and waiters are all Chinese, and only two of them understand English. The Chinese are observant and attentive people, and usually excellent servants. But these cannot be a fair specimen of the race, for they are not clean and tidy.

One day I went all over the ship with Mr. Field. There are many horses on board

for Singapore and Hong Kong. Poor things ! they must suffer down below during so long a voyage. We had two kangaroos on board, four emeus, and two black swans. We didn't know till then all our fellow-voyagers.

We found too that there were on board agents from the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia, who had been to Sydney and through the country, securing rare specimens of birds and animals. Now that steamers run regularly between San Francisco and Sydney, curiosities and treasures of all kinds are beginning to pour in from the Indies, China, Japan, and the South Sea Islands ; for it is said the American market is the very best for such things. Our country is so large, and able to command whatever is desired. The more I see of other countries, the more I love and prize my own. There is no other like it on the face of the globe, where every boy and girl

can get a good education, and where we can offer every man, woman, and child an acre and a half of land. I hope none of us will ever dishonour our native country.

This year from school has not been lost to me. I have seen more than any boy of my age, perhaps, since leaving home, and have learned a great deal; but I wish I had been more advanced in my studies before I went. I made up my mind though, as I saw the uses of knowledge, to study harder than ever when I went back.

Monday, May 2nd, the weather was lovely, but we had to lie-to at night, after the moonlight was gone, for we were near the coral reefs. There are no lighthouses here, and navigation in these seas is quite dangerous. The Queensland government have voted money to build lights, so that this new and pleasant route will become, by and by, a great thoroughfare. It is

beautiful, steaming through this Indian Archipelago !

This morning, we passed mountains covered with grass and foliage, and, near the water's edge, there were sand-hills as white as snow. They looked like long lines of towns, with palaces as even as hedges. The pretty land-pictures, the white caps on the sea, our steamer with her sails set, and filled with the trade-wind—all was splendid. How we did enjoy it ! We had had a horror of this voyage, and once in a while Mr. Field exclaims, “What misery we are enjoying !”

My great want was cold water. Our ice gave out, and the water was not good without it. We don't know what a blessing even cold water is, until we come to lose it.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## SPORTS AT SEA.

“WHEN we get nearer the Equator,” my journal says, “I think our seventy Chinese will suffer from excessive heat and filth. They are below with the horses.

“We are now passing continually the coral reefs. How wonderful they are! So strong, so large, so pretty, and yet all made by the tiniest little insect! The coral reefs teach patience, I am often told, whenever we see one.”

“We pass the place of the most recent gold discovery near enough to see a good deal of shipping. Thousands of people

have been drawn here by their love of gain, and some, it is said, have died of starvation and disease. Gold is the surest thing to draw emigrants. This spot is very far away from the civilized world, and yet I don't doubt it will become a large place.

“Now for my lessons, then lunch, and after that, fun. I don't know exactly what it will be to-day. I think it will be backgammon. I am getting to be quite an expert in that. We have plenty of books, too, and take a good deal of comfort in reading.”

At dinner that day, we had some nice conundrums :—

If you throw a man out of a window, what does he first fall against? Against his inclination, of course.

What burns to keep a secret? Why, sealing-wax.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in

the ark? Where he struck every other, on the head.

Why do we all go to bed? Because the bed will not come to us.

What does a seventy-four-gun ship weigh, with all her crew on board, just before she sets sail? Anchor.

Why is yonder island like the letter *t*? Because it is in the midst of water—wa-t-er.

Why do white sheep furnish more wool than black ones? There are more of them, are there not?

What animals are always at the opera? White kids.

Why is a turkey on a fence like a penny? Head on one side, and tail on the other.

How did Queen Anne take her medicine? In cider (inside her).

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? A step-father (farther).



We had a good laugh over these, and then we came on deck.

How beautiful is the southern sky! Would you think it to be any different from the sky we look upon at home? Well, *it is*; the constellations, or star-clusters, are different, and so beautiful! There is the Southern Cross, which we never see at home; and the moon was so bright we could easily have read by it. We sang, repeated snatches of poetry, and chatted.

Suddenly there appeared on the deck two masked figures, a man and woman, both very tall. They were dressed like the Australian savages, the man flourishing a boomerang, which is a queer-looking weapon used by the natives of Australia, and their whoops and noises and movements were hideous. The divers were so frightened that one rushed up to the mast-head, and another hid away in a boat, and they could not be found for a long time. The

captain was afraid, at one time, that they had thrown themselves overboard. But the affair amused us very much. Anything, almost, on board ship for fun. The persons masked were two of the officers. We were anchored for the night, and so they had plenty of time to carry on.

After I had gone to bed, a small boat was seen ploughing through the water towards the steamer. It contained a white man and four natives. The man had been on the island near which we had anchored, to catch a species of little fish, which they dry in the sun, and send to China and elsewhere. It resembles a large worm, is gelatinous, and makes good soup—for savages. The men wanted bread and provisions. We hadn't much to spare, for we had already supplied our sister ship, and had given to these men beside; for they belonged to a ship which had been becalmed for seven weeks, and might be, our captain

said, seven more. But he gave the poor fellows something.

Sailors are always generous. They know what it is to be reduced by a long voyage to short allowance; and when relief comes from friendly hands, they never forget it, and are always ready to do the same favour for others. They are so brave too! I like them. I like to sit down and talk with sailors, and let them spin their long yarns about their cruises and the strange places they have seen. But how superstitious they are! They talk about their lucky and unlucky days, will not fire at a fish, or keep dead bodies on board, and don't like to have preachers on the ship. Yet I think they ought to be excused for all this; they have been so neglected, and almost all of them are ignorant, and do not really know any better. But good people are caring more for sailors now than they used to. They have Bethel churches

for them in port, and put libraries on board the ships for such as can read, and do not put liquor, as they did once, in the ship's rations.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## FARTHER ON.

WE hauled up the anchor and were off at five o'clock, and were soon at Somerset, the place of the pearl-fisheries. The harbour is lovely, almost land-locked, and surrounded by wooded hills. Several of the gentlemen went ashore. There is a superintendent's house here, and a store, and a missionary and his wife live here. They are quite old people. They gave us a book containing a history of all the English missions among these islands.

The captain of the pearl-divers and his company left to-day, and we were right glad

to get rid of them. The captain was a bad man, and was so drunk when he went off that he had to be helped into his little boat. When he got to their schooner, they handcuffed him for some wrong thing he had done; and I wasn't sorry, for I was afraid those poor men would have a hard time for the two years they had engaged to be with him.

On the hill-side at Somerset, I spied what seemed to me sheaves of grain in tall stacks, six feet high. They were shaped like a sugar-loaf. But I found out they were ant-hills. The ants build these great nests in a very little time. These insects are the great pest of the natives. Ugh! I wouldn't like to live there among them.

At 3 p.m. we were off again, with a fine breeze, feeling our way among the reefs in the narrow passage of Torres' Straits to Booby Island. There, the captain said, our difficulties would all be over.

Booby Island! What a funny name! It is called so from a bird which abounds there, and the bird has received this name from its stupidity. It is a large, ugly-looking creature. The moment it alights it goes right to sleep, and so allows itself to be caught with perfect ease. This island is the resort of shipwrecked crews, because it is the place from which they are most likely to be rescued. Stores are left here in a cave, for any such forlorn, shipwrecked sailors. Letters are left here and called for.

The natives have a thick, woolly hair, of a brownish-red colour. They wear very little clothing, but every tawdry ornament they can get. One of the boatmen had a tin band round his hair, and a woman was adorned with a Jew's-harp, on which she played from time to time, and which she seemed to enjoy very much.

One of our passengers bought a head-



dress of bristles, such as they wear here ; and we got some curiosities too.

And we had some fine pearls given to us by a Scotchman, a fellow-passenger, who said we should confer a favour by accepting them, as he had been for several years with an American firm in Java, and was very grateful for favours he had received from them, and so loved the very name of American. They were very pretty.

The natives of this island don't know much. They have not even learned to build a hut. But they have boats ; and when they see a vessel going past, they go out to sell their tortoise-shell, and other things, and row so fast they can often overtake a sailing-ship. But they are a very ugly, cruel people, believe in witches, and think people can turn themselves into crocodiles if they wish to.

What splendid weather we had those days ! We saw plenty of flying-fish. I

used to like to stand on the bridge, where I could see all around. Sometimes we saw whales spouting.

I find this in my journal:—

“Sunday, May 3.—The captain says it is the fourth of the month, and, others, the third; and both are right. The nautical time—that is, the time by which the ship is run—begins at noon; and the civil time, or that by which we calculate, at midnight. It is a little difficult for me to understand this difference in time. By the time we get home, we shall have made a whole day, somehow, which we shall never have seen.”

That Sunday it was too hot to have our service in the cabin, but we had it on deck. The night was beautiful. We had had the moon all the voyage, so far, which was, of course, very pleasant. The light on the water, following our steamer's track, was just like a stream of melted silver. I would

have given a good deal to have had all my dear friends with me to see it. That Sunday evening I shall never forget! Grand-mamma and I talked of home, and we chanted and sang the hymns I had learned in our dear little church at Stockbridge, where our good clergyman knows just how to instruct children in the love of God and the way to heaven. At four bells (that is, at eight o'clock), which was my bed-time, I went to my state-room for the night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## ONE WEEK MORE.

ON Monday morning I got up quite early, took a bath, and went up on deck, to learn how our little floating world had been getting along during the night. My journal says :—

“This is the hottest day we have had. No land can be seen. Nothing unusual is going on. After lunch it comes on to rain, or, rather, to pour, and the rain leaves it hotter than ever. There is not a breath of wind. The poor stokers are quite overcome, with the thermometer at  $180^{\circ}$  below, in their part of the ship. How they

live there I cannot imagine, and, when I think of them, I am sure I ought not to complain.

“We are now beginning to count the days to Java. Monday or Tuesday we shall land, and I shall get a nice glass of ice-water. How I long for it now. All the water we have has to be hung up in a porous bottle, and cooled by evaporation. It is not so bad after all; but a drink of fresh water from the spring with a good lump of ice in it, such as we have at home, would be better.”

Those last days of our voyage we were entertained by reading. Some one read aloud every day from a new book called “The Malay Archipelago,” written by Mr. Wallace, who came to these islands from England, to study the habits and customs of the inhabitants, and make discoveries of animals, vegetables, birds, and insects. It seemed strange to me

that a man should be willing to expose his health and life for such things, when the Eastern collections of natural history specimens already amounted to 125,660. I take great interest in birds, and beautiful butterflies, and curious insects; but I am sure I wouldn't do and suffer what he has, to find them.

The heat was intense that week. In the middle of the day, we could do nothing but sit still or doze. The ship rolled a little from the swell of the Indian Ocean, as the currents met.

On Saturday we passed Simfa and Sumbaya, and saw the two monstrous mountain peaks of Lomboek and Bali, on islands of the same names. The peak of Bali is 12,000 feet high. Bali and Lomboek form twin volcanoes. They are situated at the east end of Java, and are the only islands in the whole Indian Archipelago in which the Hindoo religion is found. They re-

semble each other very much in their appearance, but are quite different in their productions.

We passed so near Bali that we could almost speak a little canoe with its white sails, just coming off from the land. Beautiful hills rise from the shore, and we could see the cultivated patches here and there. The houses and villages were marked by clumps of cocoa-nut or other trees. It reminded me of pictures I have seen of the Garden of Eden.

What a sunset, that Saturday! The clouds were not crimson, scarlet, and gold, as often with us, but of tints only seen in the tropics. Flame colour, shaded to bright cherry, with bands of purple and orange. The water was coloured in the same way, down to opal and pearl such as is seen in sea-shells. The night was very clear, and as the stars came out they did not seem to be set in the sky, as in our



country, but to hang out from the sky with an atmosphere behind them.

On this day we again met a sister ship, a few days from Singapore, filled with Chinese, and as many passengers as they could take. They sent off a boat to us with late papers, bananas, and a fruit I had never tasted before. I did not like it, but others enjoyed it very much. Our maid called it "fruit sauvage," and warned us not to eat it.

The next day was Sunday. We three had service together; and after lunch we sat on deck, read, and enjoyed the landscape as we skirted along the edge of these beautiful islands. We saw a great many people. It seemed as if they were enjoying the Sabbath, as well as we, though in their own way. How strange it seems to go round the world, and see, as we have, the inhabitants of the different countries; men and women just like ourselves!

We could see the villages of Lomboek on the mountain side, with the houses covered with red tiles. Mataram, the capital and residence of the Rajah, is a large village with broad streets, bordered by magnificent trees. Within the royal city, Mr. Wallace says, no native of the lower order is allowed to ride; so that his Japanese servant was obliged to dismount and lead his horse. This island is carefully cultivated.

“Monday.—The island of Java was spread out before us in all its beauty, cultivated every foot. The weather was fearfully hot. Suddenly, the steamer grounded. It was a most unpleasant sensation! To get stuck in the mud so near Batavia would be provoking; and the sun pouring down upon us so fiercely! But ‘All right!’ was soon shouted, and we went on our way rejoicing. In the afternoon it was so cool that coats were

necessary, although we were so near the Equator. Thanks to the cool, refreshing breeze!

“Java is about as large as Ireland, and has 30,000,000 inhabitants. Just think of that! It seems impossible, but the soil is extremely fertile and the resources wonderful. I could hardly believe that I was away from home, half-way round the globe, in these strange places, where so few travellers ever go. I seemed to be dreaming. This is only the second voyage by this line of steamers from Sydney to Singapore.

“To-night we shall arrive at Batavia. We have been more comfortable than we expected, but it has been very confined.”

So says my Journal.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## AT THE EQUATOR.

EQUATOR—"an imaginary circle passing round the earth, everywhere equally distant from the poles, and dividing the earth into two hemispheres, the northern and southern." This is what I learned in my geography. Did I ever think I should be so near that imaginary line, and feel the power of the sun's rays pouring straight down upon us? And oh, how hot we found it! Our awning was only single, the thermometer at  $90^{\circ}$ , the water tepid; and what with canned food, and a voyage of twenty-eight days, we felt we should have

much to be thankful for if we arrived at our destination in good health.

We stopped at Batavia for a little while. Mr. Field and two other gentlemen, with the captain, left the steamer at nine o'clock in the evening, in a small boat, for the shore, to be in time for an early start, to see as much as possible of the city before mid-day, when we were to be off again. The night was so fearfully dark, it was not thought best for me to go, and I was dreadfully disappointed.

Did you growl? Of course not. What's the use of growling when you can't have things all your own way? 'Twould only double the misery. No; when I can't do as I would like, I bite my lips, and just make up my mind to bear it. We can bear anything we choose to.

But what a night that was! perfectly black, with occasional flashes of lightning that illuminated the whole harbour for an

instant, and then left the whole darker than ever. As by the flashes I saw the little boat beating up and down, I concluded I was better off in the steamer.

The night proved pretty cool, and I was up early, to see all that was going on in the harbour. Everything was brought to us; fish, fruits, and vegetables. We had oranges and three kinds of bananas. I enjoyed my breakfast of fresh fish and fruit immensely, and wished for nothing but ice.

In town, our friends were up early too, driving about to see all they could. Batavia is, like all Dutch towns, remarkable for its canals. The houses are of one storey, as in India, built of wood and covered with red tiles. They have pretty gardens in front. It happened to be that day the celebration of the anniversary of the accession of the King of the Netherlands—a great day. And what do you think was announced as one of the entertain-



ments? Why, performances by Blondin, who went through such wonderful feats at Niagara Falls. Who would ever have supposed we should hear of him here, on this other side of the globe?

Our friends brought us ice on their return, pine-apples, and a most delicious little fruit peculiar to this country. It is the size of a small mandarin orange, and, when pressed, the centre divides into four sections, and a juice as white as milk drops out. The outside is like an English walnut, and very bitter. The bananas here are too sweet for me. We enjoyed all these good things for lunch and dinner.

Another most glorious sunset we saw that night. I wish I could describe it. The sun dropped into the sea, and left an island of flame with trees growing on it. These clouds moved along towards the south, continually changing their forms, and at last they all piled up together into a great



mountain, from which a flame poured up far into the heavens. Then they took the form of serpents with coiled tails of brilliant tints. These changed into angels blowing flaming trumpets. The flame-colour faded at length to a pale rose and pink, with a deep blue border burnished with purple and gold, and under this gorgeous canopy there seemed to drop the loveliest green islets of different sizes. Some looked just like flower-pots, each with a little plant in it, and all this had a bright coral setting. We wished for Mr. Church, to catch the sunset and transfer it to canvas. We have never seen anything half so grand.

After sundown, we enjoyed a lovely breeze and a nice chat, when the sound of the ship's bells warned me it was time to "turn in," as we say at sea. I don't like going to bed, no matter how sleepy I am; but to go in our stifling cabin made it more disagreeable than ever. I should have

liked better just to drop down on the deck, and spend the night there.

The next day was very pleasant. We were just three degrees below the Equator, Sumatra on our left, and a low, wooded coast on the other side. We saw a large American ship, all sails set, bound to China. My journal says :—

“ Just now eight bells (that’s four o’clock in the afternoon), and the heat is terrific. All are reading or writing, extended on long Indian chairs, which we brought with us. There is not a seat on deck but these, owned by the different passengers. Mine was given to me by our consul at Sydney, and it has been a real comfort.

At night we had a charming breeze, and we all played “ Proverbs,” “ How do you like it ?” and other games of the same sort. Then I laid down by grandmamma, and she told me two such interesting stories, all the better because they were true. I heard

her through, and then I dropped asleep in my chair; and the worst of all was, I had to be waked up, and to go down into my berth, which was just like an oven.

“Friday, May 15th.—I waked with a bad cold in my head, sneezing, wheezing, and feeling generally uncomfortable.

Mr. Field reminds me that I must get a letter ready for dating “On the Equator” at half-past eleven. I begin. How I do dislike to write letters! I get my paper ready, and my pen in hand, and suddenly all my thoughts leave me, and I have nothing to say. I wait for an idea. I look up, and see a lovely little island. I catch the glass, and find villages on it, and people walking about. I write this to my dear, darling mamma. The most foolish little thing our mothers find interesting. We passed the Equator. I didn’t feel well; so I put my letter away, to finish it some day at Singapore.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## SINGAPORE AND DINNER PARTIES.

WE arrived at Singapore in the morning, in time to breakfast at the Hotel Europe, which is a large, airy house, with pretty gardens fronting the harbour. I had always heard that Singapore was a dirty, disagreeable place; but I found the European part of the town quite interesting.

Our consul was at the table. He was glad to see us, and eager to show us everything.

The Governor invited us to dinner. He has a fine residence. We saw there the Maharajah and his secretary. The Maha-

rajah only dines where he is sure the dinner is cooked according to his religion. He was of a dark brown complexion, but had a very pleasant expression, wore a turban, a plain bandana wound around his waist, and a short jacket. His costume was quite picturesque. His secretary was an English gentleman. The colonial secretary was there also, and the American consul.

Mr. Field accepted an invitation of the Maharajah to Johore for the next day. He took with him his A.D.C., as he calls me. We had to cross the narrow arm of the sea between Singapore and the main land. The Maharajah had the prettiest little paddle steamer to take us across the Straits. Upon landing, we found he was building a wooden-track railway of twenty miles long—the only railway in that part of the peninsula. But, next year, they intend building another to open up the interior of the country.

Upon our arrival, the secretary met us, and showed us all over the house. From the verandah we saw his workmen, who are State prisoners. To keep them from escaping, they have a chain about the waist and legs, so arranged that they can work, but not run away.

The Maharajah has been to England, where the Queen received him and confirmed his title. He is doing a great deal for the improvement of his people.

He did not lunch with us. He has four wives, the number allowed him by his religion, and they came that day to make him a visit, so that he was obliged to eat with them !

After lunch, the secretary ordered the prettiest little open carriage, with ponies from Sumatra, in which he drove us round the place. We went to the opium shop, a large manufactory, and there saw the whole process of preparing this poison, which is



even worse than strong drink, and is doing a dreadful work of destruction all through the East. One would think the Maharajah, with all his excellent ideas and plans for benefitting the people, would turn his face against this.

He has a large tract of forest and two saw-mills, and of course the railway comes in as a means of transporting his lumber.

When we left, he came down to see us off, and gave Mr. Field and myself a saron, or plaid bandana, very fine and handsome. I tied mine around my waist: it looks something like a Scotch kilt.

We returned by the same little steamer, and took a carriage back. The excursion was a very pleasant one.

The next day we shopped, and visited the famous garden of Whampoa, a rich Chinese merchant, and vice-consul of Russia. The garden contains every tropical production, and is laid out, of course,



after the Chinese fashion; and queer it was! There were such curious figures of priests and princes, with head, arms, and feet exposed, and covered all over with green vines and lichens. Chinese tablets surrounded the verandah. In a tower covered with greenery from every part of the world, were allegorical figures in grottoes of queer design, and over the entrance and on the walls were these same tablets, written in Chinese characters. Outside the tower, all along, were frames of windmills, carriages, ships, lions, tigers, cats, and dogs, made of wire, and all covered with a vine bearing a pretty little white flower. You can't think how oddly it all looked! Then there were pagodas, with bells at each corner, formed of some rich greenery. The garden hedges are formed of rare plants.

After going from this place, we drove to the steamer, three miles from Singapore,

stopping to try at the last for letters from home ; but there were none. Then, through a Chinese quarter which can in no wise be described, to the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's wharf.

There we found the fine steamer "Zambesi," for Hong Kong. There were only a few passengers. We met many strange specimens of Chinese and Malays coming from loading the steamer. We were glad they were not going the same way we were.

So good-bye to Singapore ! I was not sorry when I left it, though I had had a good time.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## CHINA.

OUR voyage from Singapore to Hong Kong was pleasant. A lady, whose husband is an interpreter at Yokohama, was on board, and we enjoyed her society. The ship was the best we had yet seen in the Orient, as we call this eastern part of the world.

The prospect as we neared the city was beautiful. The pretty green islands in the bay, and the mountain back of the town made a pretty picture. And as we came into the harbour the scene became more and more interesting. Here were the Chinese indeed, and everything looked just as I had

seen in pictures at home. The river was covered with junks and boats of every size and description, many made of bamboo, and rowed by women. These were family boats, serving as the house and home. Here the children are born and brought up, and the whole life is spent in these close quarters. Oh, what a way to live! but thousands and thousands of poor creatures know nothing better. I can give you no idea of the quantity and variety of people and vessels swarming upon these waters. You will have to see for yourselves. There were steamers of all nations, and several ships bearing our beautiful stars and stripes, the sight of which always makes me feel at home.

I shall never forget our landing at Hong Kong. It was the most curious experience we had had since leaving home. At first there was a scuffle among the boatmen who should take us; then a host of sedan-chairs

appeared at the wharf, with a man at each end, his head rising up between two small shafts, which rested on his shoulders. The centre was a bamboo seat with a canopy over it. Each one of us had one of these. But the clamour of the natives surpassed everything I had ever heard; it was worse than the noise of the New York hackmen. Every one wanted a passenger, and if he couldn't get one would mutter and scold over his disappointment.

I liked the chair ever so much; the motion was so pleasant. I had the same one all the time I was in Hong Kong, and a strong boy always went ahead of it; for, whenever we went out a crowd gathered that nothing would scatter but the whip, and he knew how to use that well. How many kinds of conveyance have I been in since I left home! It would take me some time to count. And some of them have been odd enough to a little American.

We had but a little way to go to the hotel, where we were made very comfortable. It was situated quite near the landing. We were told it was more cool and pleasant on the hill, but this was more convenient for us.

How new and queer everything is here! The ways of the people seem all directly opposite our own. They shave their heads, except one little lock, which they make into a long plait, or queue, and which they would be very much mortified to be without. They pluck the beard out of the face, and leave their nails to grow as long as they will. Then their women have such little feet. Every baby girl has to have her feet bandaged tight so they will not grow at all, and when she grows up of course she can't walk. How can she, with only such little round balls or stubs to walk on? They hobble about slowly and awkwardly.

The next day we looked around the town,



did some shopping, and I had some clothes made by a Chinese tailor. They were very well made, and for a very little money.

We dined with the Chief Justice, where we met three American ladies. I sat beside the Governor's secretary, and felt very small, but he was kind to me, and made me feel at ease.

The ascent to the house would have been too steep for horses, or anything less sure-footed than a coolie. Each Chinaman carries a lantern, they say to keep off evil spirits, but they are obliged by law to do this, for there is danger of the chairs coming in contact, the coolies go so quickly.

The bamboo-tree is a great curiosity, and you see it everywhere. It is cultivated for its shade and beauty, and then it is a most useful tree. The tender shoots they eat; the roots they make up into articles of carved work; the jointed stalks are used for poles, rods, canes, masts for boats, spear



shafts, and even aqueduct tubes ; the leaves thatch the dwellings and serve as clothes for the people, and the shavings for mattresses. They make bamboo mats too, and fans, and boats. It is wonderful how many things this tree is used for !

I went with Mr. Field to the Peak, the great mountain back of the town, where we had a magnificent view of the city, the harbour and shipping, and a long stretch of the coast.

We went to the theatre, and everybody who goes to China ought to go there, even if he never visits such a place of amusement at home ; at any rate, if he wants a good hearty laugh. Such a noise and clatter ! Such music and acting ! They have no scenery, but showy costumes. The clown is ludicrous beyond words of mine to tell. The people sit in chairs, with tables before them, on which sweetmeats, with something they chew—opium, I suppose—are placed ;

and then the tea, the inevitable tea, is brought in.

You never see a Chinaman long without his cup of tea. It is brought in covered cups. The cover turns back, so as to hold the leaves while he drinks the clear liquid; for they make the tea in the cups, and drink without milk or sugar. They seem to like it very much, but we concluded we need not expect a good cup of tea till we get home. Either the water is hard, or didn't boil, or something, but we didn't relish the tea, though there is such a boast of it here.

There was no beginning or end, it seemed to me, to the play, and people were walking in and out all the time. It was very funny, though war and death was the whole programme.

There is a fine garden, just above the Government House on the hill-side, which we visited. You have seen pictures of Chinese gardens; they are unlike those you

see anywhere else. They have beautiful flowers, but mixed up with evergreens in every fantastic shape, and dwarfed trees. They have a sort of baby-house look. I used to wonder how they managed to get their greenery into such shapes; but now I know. They make wire frames of every sort; such as temples, men, carriages, and animals, and train the most delicate green vines over them; and they look as if it were a solid mass of green, clipped, as we clip our box and privet hedges at home, into these shapes.

They have seats all about in the garden, and beautiful bird-cages—real little bird-palaces—and basins for fish and water-fowl. The walks are beautiful red clay, hard as stone, or else gravelled, and bordered with shells.

We went on board a receiving-ship in the harbour, the “Princess Charlotte.” The Admiral was very polite. He showed

us his large collection of Chinese and Japanese curiosities, which made me feel quite miserable for a time, I wanted one like it so much. But of course it takes years and a great deal of money to get such a collection, and may be I shall have one just as fine some of the coming days. I have come to wish for a good many things since I have been abroad, that I never thought about before, and I expect to have some of them if I live.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## SIGHTS IN CANTON.

FROM Hong Kong we went to Canton, leaving our maid, who was again ill, under the doctor's care, to follow us when she should be well enough. Our voyage was a short one this time, only seven hours, with an American captain and crew.

Arrived at Canton, we were the guests of Russell and Co., whose factory or hong, as they call it, was under the charge of Mr. Cunningham. He did all that could be done to make our stay pleasant, and we enjoyed every minute.

The morning after we got there we were

invited to take breakfast with one of the missionaries, who had in his family a little boy of nearly my own age. I tell you, we were not long getting acquainted. It seemed good once more to have a boy to talk and play with, and we had a good time.

After breakfast we went to a boarding school for native girls. The small girls were in a room below, and the larger ones above, all preparing to become teachers and Bible readers among their own people. A native lady, and her little girl, who sat by her side, received us, and then each girl was separately introduced. There were twenty or more. Each one tottered towards us, getting along as well as she could on her little feet, and curtsied quite gracefully. Grandmamma offered her hand, but they shook their own. I had heard they did this, but I didn't believe it until I saw for myself. They read, or sang in their way for us.

Their clothing was made of a dark blue stuff, and was a sort of wide sacque, with flowing sleeves, and long, full trousers. The hair was beautifully plaited and arranged, as we see it in pictures, with an arrow or other ornament, generally made of jade, a dark green stone, which can be finely polished and which they hold in great veneration. They wear bracelets. This costume is worn by all, only that the principal's dress was more rich and expensive. I wish you could see that teacher's foot; it was just three inches long, and she said her's was considered quite large.

Grandmamma spoke to the girls, through one of the ladies of the Mission, who interpreted for her, and they all seemed very much pleased. One of the children offered us flowers, which she had raised herself, and was delighted with a little gift in return.

We went up to the Mission in a boat, but







A STREET IN CANTON.

returned through the city, stopping at the shops. But how shall I give you an idea of a Chinese bazaar? All kinds of trades are carried on in the markets, and there, too, one may find every variety of fruit, vegetable and animal, cooked and uncooked. You can get a cup of tea in every shop. The natives were lively, busy, and jolly. The shops were neat and handsome, and the goods in them were very nicely arranged. We saw the most beautiful earrings in ivory and tortoise-shell—very expensive. I had been hoarding my money to lay out here, but, dear me! the things cost so much I could only get a few simple little things.

In every shop, at the back, but in plain sight, was a space for their idol-gods. These images, great and small, with the lights, incense, and offerings in vessels of brass and silver, made a great display.

So many new and strange sights be-

wildered me. I could not see enough, and when I got home for tiffin, as they call lunch, I was very tired. That day was only a beginning of the sights.

But I must not go further without telling you of our very pleasant and kind guide through the city, Archdeacon Gray, a fine, handsome Irish gentleman, who has been in Canton seventeen years. Never was any one more polite, attentive, and entertaining. He never seemed tired of going about with us, showing us all that was worth seeing, and telling us about the places and people. Then every one in the shops and temples knew him, and seemed glad to see him, and to display everything to him and his friends; so that we had the finest opportunity of seeing Canton any party could have had.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## PAGODAS AND PEOPLE.

WE gave the most of the next morning to the Buddhist Monastery, and the house of a rich Chinese gentleman. His establishment covered thirty acres, just think of it ! and was enclosed by a wall. It contained houses, gardens, ponds, temples, ancestral halls, and schools. There we saw the mother, attended by her daughter-in-law and her maidens.

Passing through the monastery we saw the sacred ducks, geese, and turtles. When a person commits a sin, he puts a tortoise in here to atone for it.

The pagodas around Canton are very ancient. These are the Chinese idol temples. They look like tall towers, generally about nine stories high, and each story as you go up is smaller than the one below it. On each corner of every story a bell is hung, and they make the funniest tinkling sound. Small trees are planted on the top and around each terrace, and flowers and greenery grow up. They say the birds in passing drop seeds there, and the winds waft them, so that these terraces are like gardens, and present a strange appearance.

The people have many objects of worship ; images, animals, and especially the dead. And this explains their strong desire, no matter where they die, to have their bodies brought back to their native land. They fear that some member of the family will suffer punishment if this is not done. Coffins are kept in readiness, and ships, they say, often return from Cali-



fornia, and other places, with a cargo of dead bodies for burial, and a great deal of land is taken up with burial mounds.

The Chinese are very economical ; everything is saved for enriching the land. They are careful and patient, but opposed to all changes, and their manufacturers are all just the same as they were hundreds of years ago. They copy very exactly, so that if they set about making an article in imitation of a sample, they will copy every flaw and defect in it. Our friend told us that they are very prompt in keeping engagements, and exact in all their business, but they never make friends outside their own family, and don't seem to understand what gratitude means. They care very little for their little girls, and often kill them in their infancy ; but the sons, who will keep the dead supplied with offerings, they cherish, because that will bring good luck to them.



But oh ! what crowds and crowds of people in this country ! Just think of four hundred millions !

My shopping and sight-seeing with grandma prevented my going with Mr. Field to the prisons and place of execution. I didn't care much to go there, for their tortures are terrible, but he says travellers should see everything in order to form a correct idea of the people.

The Chinese have kept so much to themselves that they are like a sealed book. They have never, until lately, been allowed to mingle with other nations, to go abroad themselves, or admit other people to live among them, so that very little has been known about them. They are breaking down this stiffness a little now, and we are finding out more of their peculiar ways. I see they are kind to strangers, and polite, but not so much so as the people of India, whose sad smile and salaam to the stranger

in passing are universal. The Chinese are careless, scarcely taking time for a greeting, and are awkward about it too, putting their feet into very odd positions.

The Archdeacon says they are a republican people, for every street has a government of its own; that is, an officer is appointed for every street, whose duty it is to collect the taxes, make repairs, and keep the peace. There are very disagreeable smells in the streets, but yet they are much cleaner than we expected to find them.

I have left many things untold, of course, about this wonderful land and people; but how can a child tell all he sees?

I was sorry to leave Canton, with its gay bazaars, gaudy temples, its river life of boats and people, its queer gardens, and miniature trees, and all the other strange and pretty sights to be seen only in China. I hope I shall go back there some day, and

see more of them all. I have no doubt I shall. It was worth going round the world just to be in China, and see what I have seen there.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## MACAO.

MACAO is a queer old Portuguese town, where a great trade was once carried on; and there we saw less of the Chinese, and more of the European in manners and customs.

We happened to be there on a fête day. It was a festival to the Virgin Mary. There was a grand procession. It passed the hotel on the way to the Cathedral, and we took sedan chairs and followed, to see what we could. Bishops and priests were there, in magnificent robes of white satin embroidered with gold and colours, and the

acolytes, as the boy attendants of the priests are called, had on white robes, every one with an apple-green cape or scarf, with green and white ribbons. In the church the dais was of silver, lined with crimson, and upon it a crown, and a figure of the Virgin dressed in lace, satin, and jewels. The platform was covered with offerings of flowers. Following the priests and their attendants, were twelve beautifully-dressed little girls, with wreaths on their heads, and wings made of lace, plaited in such a way as to look like swans' wings. Each had a pretty box or offering in her hand. These children are consecrated to the Virgin, and for seven years they wear white for the Virgin, and then blue for St. Joseph. You see these boys and girls in all Catholic countries.

The priests and their followers were bare-headed, and several were Chinamen, as we saw by the queue. They wouldn't

go without that, to whatever religion they joined themselves. It was a little odd that we should drop down in this Chinese town to see this grand Roman Catholic parade.

We visited the Camoens Garden, which was almost deluged from the rains which had fallen within a few days. The mossy walks were so slippery that grandma had to be carried in the chair. Camoens was a Portuguese poet, who, for some reason, was once banished to Macao, where he lived a good while, and wrote a celebrated poem, which was translated, after his death, into several languages. We saw the grotto, with the stone table in it, where it is said he wrote it; and we saw the monument, too, which was erected to his memory. There are some verses in English on it, written by Bowring. I had never heard of Camoens before, but some day I mean to read his poem, and then I shall remember this lovely spot where he wrote, and the

beautiful, beautiful flowers there. The garden is owned by a Portuguese, who keeps it up in the best style. The trees and shrubs and lovely plants I shall no tsoon forget.

When we came out of the garden, we went to the English burial-ground close by, where many of our own countrymen lie buried. This seaport was formerly one of our naval stations, and a starting-point for vessels in search of pirates. It was, until quite lately, the centre of the coolie trade. Do you know what that is? Coolies are labourers sent out from China for service in some other country. They used to do a great business here in sending out cargoes of these poor men and women to California, and other places; and they weren't much better off than the African slaves that used to be packed into the slave ships, and sent to the United States and the West Indies; and we ought to be glad that such business is at an end.



A few miles out of town are some famous hot springs. Excursion parties often go to see them. They are in a valley quite surrounded by high hills. In the centre the springs boil. The water is about  $170^{\circ}$ , and the people who live there boil their rice in them. The water is clear and salt; very handy for cooking, isn't it? It is supposed that this spot is the site of an old volcano. The water is considered very good for some diseases.

We went also to the fort at Macao. It is very high, and steep in its approach. On the very top of the hill is a chapel, with a light in it burning to the Virgin all the time. A good many pilgrims go there every year.

That night, what a storm we had! The rain came down as it only does in the tropics, and the lightning was terrific. I never knew anything so fearful.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## SHANGHAI.

FROM the harbour of Shanghai the view of the city is fine. There are many fine buildings, which make quite a show as we approach; the residences of the different consuls and the merchants of all countries, ours among them. There I saw among the shipping many of our flags, and my heart beat with joy, as it always does at that sight.

On landing, we walked some distance in the rain quite unnecessarily, and then took a carriage, which soon brought us to the Astor House, which proved to be one of

the buildings we had seen from the harbour. The name made us feel very much at home within.

The first business was to see our consul, and then to engage passage in the steamer that was to take us to Yokohama, in Japan. That done, we took a long drive, in the course of which we saw one of their celebrated idol-temples, also a boiling spring and a tea-garden. The garden was very fanciful with its curious ornaments. There was a music-stand in it, and a house of entertainment.

I haven't said anything about the tea plant. It is a bush with a shiny green leaf and a pretty little white flower, something like the myrtle. When the leaves are just ripe enough, the people gather and dry them. Some kinds they dry in the open air, and some in shallow pans over a brisk fire. Then they are rolled in the hands, which gives the leaves the curly

look they have. They do this sometimes two or three times before the tea is ready to be put into the boxes or chests in which it is sold.

Everything in Shanghai outside of the foreign settlements, is purely Chinese. The people are so crowded, some busy and some idle, some dressed and others without clothing, and all was so strange, that it seemed as if we were dreaming, or else gazing at a moving picture. I could hardly make myself think it was all real life. The boat that took us on the river had a family on board. It was something like a gondola, with a sort of house in the centre. When they land, they let their chickens run on the grassy flats near the river, and when they are ready to start again, they call them in. You wouldn't think that each family would get their own chickens, but they do.

The fowls seem to have more sense than

ours. We heard some amusing stories of the way the Chinamen manage their ducks. When they call them in, they whip the last one, so that next time that one will be sure to be on hand in time; and the whole flock seem to know that they must come the moment they hear the call.

After our drive that first day we went, by invitation, to dine with an American friend. They lived in real comfort, with a Chinese overseer, or housekeeper. I couldn't help thinking what a blessing such a servant would be at home. They keep the accounts of all the house-keeping expenses, look after the servants, and find themselves. Their cooking is excellent in private families, but in hotels we felt a little suspicious. We liked to know what we were eating, and we couldn't always tell, the dishes were so mixed and dressed up.

Our consul was very kind, and took us

with him to see the Tantai, chief native officer of Shanghai. He was very civil, and invited me to see his favourite wife. She had the tiny feet all the women have, was handsomely dressed, and pleasant in her manners. I was the first foreign boy she had ever seen. She gave me a crape scarf, and some curious birds, the body made of feathers, and the head fastened on with wires. They looked quite natural.

We saw several of the missionaries. I never knew much about them before I left home, but now I am very much interested in them, for I see how very useful they are.

We were at Shanghai a week, and then took steamer for Yokohama.

On our way we stopped at Nagasaki, and went ashore. This is the place so celebrated for china-ware. We bought some vases there. We went also to a photographer's, and bought some views

taken by a native artist. The next town we came to was Kobi, where we got some bronzes, four or five feet high, of birds. We got some fans too.

We were all up very early the next morning, to enjoy the lovely passage through the inland sea of Japan. Nothing could have been more beautiful or grand. The mountains, cultivated to the very top, with every shade of green, and little hamlets between the hills; large towns and pretty villages dotting the coast, and innumerable boats, with fishermen loading and unloading their nets,—formed a scene like a picture.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

## JAPAN.

WE arrived at Yokohama at mid-day, and soon found ourselves in comfortable quarters at the Grand Hotel, engaged for us in advance by friends at Shanghai. We have been cared for just so everywhere, have found the kindest and best friends at every point, whose names and memory we shall always hold dear.

We began to feel now as if our faces were towards home. Though still in the eastern hemisphere, this is the last place we are to visit before taking our voyage homewards to America, my own dear native land.

The first thing we did was to call on our consul, and great was our delight to find there a good budget of letters from home, full of news. "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

We found it so that day. How well I remember that good glass of iced water after our long voyage through the South Sea; and now how good it seemed, after so many months of silence, to hear again from our dear friends at home.

We were tired, and slept well on this our first night in Japan.

The next day Mr. Field met our Minister, who invited us to his house at Yeddo. Yeddo is where the Mikado, or Emperor, lives. The jinrikisha is the conveyance here: a little wagon drawn by men. Such runners I never saw; they go faster than horses. Through the streets, a mile and a half, we rushed like mad. It was too funny to de-

scribe. I can never think of it without laughing.

When we got there we found Mr. B—— waiting for us in his California carriage with Japanese ponies, and, as it was early in the day, he took us through the fine new street which has been built since the great fire about a year ago. The houses are of brick, two stories high, with a verandah around the second story, and gardens in the rear. The street is planted with rows of trees on each side, leaving a wide centre for a drive, and fine side-walks, which will soon be well shaded. All houses are now, by law, built of brick or stone, to avoid the frequent fires which are apt to occur among the light bamboo dwellings.

We rode some distance into the country, and nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery through which we passed. The grounds are laid out in every shape, and every foot cultivated. The population is

very crowded, as in China, and there is no spare ground, but the whole is improved with the greatest economy. We saw the people deep in the water, or mud, planting, digging, and preparing their crops. They plant their rice or wheat in ridges or drills ; then transplant with the greatest care. It is so different from our farm work at home. But we have so much spare land. What a great country ours is ; and I don't believe it will ever be so crowded as this. But this universal cultivation gave the country through which we rode a beautiful appearance. It looked like a vast succession of gardens. The flowers were lovely, and among them none was more common than the camellia Japonica, which at home is a choice hothouse plant. Here they abound.

Mr. B—— has two daughters, and we met at his house also some American friends, which added to the pleasure of our visit. I went with Mr. Field to see the Japanese

Minister, and listened to their conversation about international law. He was very sharp, and didn't want to give his opinion first.

The Japanese are a very polite people, and were just as civil to me as to a grown person, which is very unusual; for little boys are not generally considered as worthy of much attention. I shall never forget a gentleman we saw at Rome, who met me half-way to shake hands; the only person I ever knew to do so.

I think myself that little boys wouldn't be so awkward and ill-behaved as they are supposed to be, if they were treated with a little more politeness by way of example. If a grown person rises to offer his chair to another he is thanked; but if a little boy does it, why, it is considered as a matter of course—only the right thing for him to do, as, indeed, it is—and no one thinks of saying, "Thank you." I agree with H. H., a

lady who has written many nice things about children, that it wouldn't spoil a boy simply to thank him when he does a polite or kind act.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## LAST DAYS ABROAD.

AFTER a very pleasant lunch and visit, we left the house with our host, who took us to see a celebrated temple. The entrance was quite grand, though gaudy, with its extraordinary painting in red, green, and gold. Our guides seemed rather unwilling to let us go in, as preparation was going on for a great feast or ceremony of some kind. But at last they consented. The gentlemen had to take off their boots. Grandmamma put her pocket handkerchief down to step on. What an odd place! I couldn't describe the ornaments. Griffins,



storks, and serpents in gorgeous colours, were placed all around the temple and in front of the shrines, which are enclosed by doors. There were lacquered seats and square stools all about, and on several were offerings to the dead. The men here do not spend their money freely, but hoard it, that their sons may provide for them in the other world.

Like all heathen people, the Japanese have many strange superstitions. They care very little for women, and it is said that many of their female children are sacrificed every year. When a man has an only son he is called "little sister," in order that the gods may not think they care very much for him and so take him away. This shows plain enough how ignorant and cruel they themselves think their idols to be. It is held to be a great merit for a man when he dies, to leave a son and property, that he may be cared

for in the other world. This makes me think of our Indians who believe they will need food in the spirit-land ; and are buried with corn and even with their bow and arrows, to hunt with in the great grounds, as they say, of the next world. These Japanese seem something like our Indians, though they are a great deal more civilized.

They are far more lacking in clothing than the Chinese, but when they are dressed their costume is very odd. Their cloaks are a number of capes, one larger than another, made of bamboo and fringed. The hat looks like a long bowl reversed. They wear sandals of straw, or stockings made of blue serge, or wooden platters held on the foot by a cord passing between the great and second toe, and around the ankle. These are not very convenient shoes, and the men seem to hobble about as much as the women.

At various places we saw men drawing

heavy loads, by means of a truck with two large wheels, which only seemed to be held apart by the weight upon them. It seemed very hard work.

Everybody was busy.

We found a nice station here, where one of the two railways of Japan is opened. The road is much used; the second, third, and fourth-class cars, usually filled with work-people, the same as in India. And of course this will help very much to improve the people.

They have pretty shops and beautiful goods, and are now taking a good many patterns from the French and English. As the country is opened to foreigners, they will gradually change and improve many of their fashions and customs. Until within a few years they have lived entirely by themselves, not allowing their own people to go abroad, or those of other lands to come here; but these few years of

open trade have already produced a great effect.

We had just time before the steamer sailed, for an excursion to Inosima. We took lunch and everything we needed to stay all night. I wanted to go, and yet I was afraid I shouldn't have time for all the curiosities I wanted to see in Yeddo.

We took a carriage and drove about twenty miles to the sea, stayed at Inosima all night, and the next morning pursued our way along the shore to Daibutz. There we found an immense bronze statue of Buddha, fifty or sixty feet high. I climbed up and sat on one of its thumbs.

From there we travelled over hills and through pretty villages back to Yokohama. The latter part of the journey was cold and rainy, and when we arrived at our hotel we were as chilled and forlorn a party as you would wish to see. I was wet to the skin. But we changed our

clothes, had a good dinner, and I found my bed a delightful change from the floor of the tea-house I slept in the night before. We were kept awake during the night by the roar of the sea and the dashing of the waves, for the storm was very severe. And it rained all the next day, so that we were kept at home, and had a good chance to recover from the effects of our excursion.

I noticed the children in Japan enjoyed plays just such as we have; balls, kites, marbles, tag, and all such. Isn't it odd how old these games are, and how they are known all over the world?

We saw a good deal of Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn, missionaries, and enjoyed their society very much. They have lived in Yokohama twenty-five years, and command the respect of all the people—foreigners and natives. The Doctor has prepared the best Japanese and English dictionary, the proceeds of which are given to the mission.

Mrs. H. has a school for native boys which is a great success. The missionaries are held in great esteem by all.

The harbour is splendid, and full of ships; French, English, Dutch, and, I am happy to say, many Americans.

We left Japan in the fine steamer "Granada," with only a few passengers, and were not sorry to say good-bye to the old world, although we were very glad we had been permitted to see it.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## HOME AGAIN.

WHAT a splendid voyage that was across the Pacific Ocean! We had been fourteen days out before we needed the racks on the table, it was so calm and quiet. The weather was lovely. We amused ourselves in the usual way. I had my studies, and played the piano, and enjoyed myself very much.

But on that fourteenth day the sky became dark and gloomy, the wind was against us, and the sea grew rough. We had been looking out for the "China," the vessel of the same line coming from San



Francisco, but could see nothing but the endless Pacific shut down by this leaden sky. By-and-by we discovered in the west, just where the sea and sky met, a line of crimson. It grew larger, and became fiery red: then every colour appeared—purple, gold and violet—and, suddenly, the sun, like a ball of fire, dropped into the sea. Did you ever see the sun rise or set at sea? Well, you cannot imagine how strange and beautiful it is! For a long time, that night, after the sun was out of sight, these brilliant clouds played upon the sky, ever changing shade and shape, until at length they began to fade. The red changed to pink and pearl-white, like the lining of a shell, and we saw that lovely blue again which we have described before, and at last there was nothing but the sea and sky joined together, and the stars coming out between the fleecy clouds that were sweeping away.

But now, a sensation! A sail is in sight! Is it the "China," or the ship we do not wish to see, our great rival, the "Vasco de Gama"? No; it is only a sailing ship.

But now we stop. What is the matter? What has happened that our steamer halts in mid ocean? A piston-rod is broken; a serious disaster, for it takes time to disconnect and repair it. We may creep on with one engine, but this is slow and uncertain work. Besides it is foggy, and we don't know just where we are. We spoke the sail. She gave us good news; we were near land. So we go carefully forward, hoping a tug will be sent for us. Now we see the Cliff House and the Golden Gate; and thousands of lights come out. It is like a beautiful diorama. The next day was clear and bright; our friends met us; we felt that we were at home. My heart was in my mouth for joy and thankfulness that, after our long journey around the world,

we were again in our own beloved land, and only a week's journey from our home.

We went to the Occidental Hotel, and soon made ourselves quite comfortable. I had a great curiosity to see San Francisco, which is like a giant baby, so young and yet so large. There is a freedom and neighbourliness here we do not see in older places. People seem interested in each other. They have made money easily, and they spend it generously. They never count pennies here; have nothing but gold and silver—five cents the lowest.

We saw a great many Chinese here. They have not been very well treated, but their condition is improving. They can be made useful, and Christian people are now teaching them. They have churches and Sabbath schools for them in all the large cities of California, and the good people are trying to train them into right ways.

We saw a good deal of San Francisco, but our stay was not very long, for being so near home we began to feel in a hurry to see the dear ones, and get back to our own snug quarters in New York. And, boy-like, (so they said), I was in a hurry to be on that wonderful road the Central and Union Pacific, and to try life in a palace car. And it was all and more than I anticipated.

We had part of the way a carriage to ourselves, and it was just exactly like being in an hotel; only we were going, going, all the time. Every comfort for day and night was provided; sitting-room, bedrooms and lovely beds; an excellent cook and waiter, and as fine dinners as we could expect anywhere. This was the very cream of travelling! On we flew, over the hills and the desert and partly-cultivated regions, with nothing to obstruct the view, which we could enjoy from the sides and rear of

our car. One place called the Horn was very grand. We pass over a tremendous height, and the view is magnificent. In some places on the sandy plains the dust was very unpleasant, but the journey, on the whole, was delightful. We took a branch road to Salt Lake City, as we had a desire to see the great Mormon city.

It is built on a large plain, with the hills and mountains rising all around. The houses are simple, and the land all around cultivated like a garden. The hotel arrangements are very good. In the centre of the city is built the Tabernacle, their great place of worship, where they were just then preparing for the celebration of a grand anniversary. The building is immensely large, and has in it an organ correspondingly large, which was built by a Mormon, of wood brought from their own forest.

We were introduced to Brigham Young,

the chief man among them. He is a stout man, with light hair, and had a sort of good-natured look. We met with many of their principal men, and they explained to us their religion and their manners and customs.

We went to Fort Douglass, about three miles from the town. They were just taking down the flag when we got there, and the band was playing their last tune. But the General ordered "The Star-Spangled Banner," and I thought it never sounded so well. It seemed strange to me to be here so near the Indians. The General seems to have faith in them, and is very much interested in their welfare. He told us a good many stories about them. One of them, he said, was delighted with some photographs he showed to him. "White Chief," said this warrior, "at night you have lights, and show the pictures of your chiefs and your wars, but we have only



fires. We sit round and talk of big wars and fights, and who did them, and then by the firelight we show the way they did. Then we dance, and tell it over, and we begin to fight, and make wars, and kill each other." I feel sorry for the poor Indians.

We stopped at Omaha, where we had an excellent dinner and a bath. Then we went to see some Indian curiosities, and bought some views of the great passes and waterfalls, which interested me very much.

We came from Cincinnati through Pittsburgh, the night of the great flood in that region, in July, 1874. I never had seen anywhere such torrents of rain. Houses were swept off their foundations, with men, women, and children, all hurled together to destruction. I never saw before that water was as great an enemy as fire. In less than an hour hundreds of poor people were swept from the face of the earth.



Home again ! Wasn't it pleasant to be once more in one of our own ferry-boats ! to be riding through the familiar streets of New York ! How good it seemed to mount the steps to our own door, to be clasped in the arms of my dear mother and sister, and to have the warm greetings of all our home-friends. And to go on Sunday, too, to the dear church, and offer up our sincere thanks to God who had watched over us in all our journeyings, kept us in every danger, and returned us well and happy.

THE END.





THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

JUL 2 1941

JUL 3 1941

9 MAR 51 PA

21 JUL '58 MM

DEC'D LD

JUL 14 1958

861302

G 440  
C 3

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

